The Outlook

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CONTROLLER BAY Disallowance of the Cunningham claims to enormously rich coal-fields in Alaska by no means put an end to all danger of monopoly in that region. This fact has become more evident than ever by facts that were made known to the public for the first time last week. These facts pertain to the filing of claims along the shore line of Controller Bay, Alaska. It is perfectly evident that it is useless to mine coal unless it can be transported to market. It is equally evident that the Government might amply safeguard the mining of coal against monopoly and yet allow a monopoly in coal by allowing a monopoly in its transportation. Men who want to get monopolistic privileges in coal, and have been foiled in their attempt to secure that privilege by the control of the coal-fields themselves, could to all practical intent succeed by controlling the means by which the coal is made accessible. This is now in substance the peril that has arisen in Alaska. There are three outlets to the great coal region in which the Cunningham claims are located. One is at the town of Nelson. Here the Guggenheim syndicate has the only railway right of way, for a Government army reservation prevents (except by the passage of a special law that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to secure) the building of any other road at that point. The second point is Katalla Bay. Here the Guggenheim syndicate also has virtual control. The third outlet is at Controller Bay. At this point the Government has had control—absolute control. This is due to the fact that the land bordering Controller Bay was retained in the possession of the Federal Government as a part of the Chugach National Forest. Certain railway rights of way through the forests from the coal-fields to the bay had already been projected, and applications for them were on file last year and the year before. The control over these railways and over their terminals by the Secretary of the Interior and by the Inter-State Commerce Commission was safeguarded so long as the land remained in the possession of the Federal Government. Suddenly, without public warning, but with apparently the knowledge of certain interested parties, over twelve thousand acres of land bordering on that part of the bay nearest to the ship channel were eliminated from the National Forest and thrown open to private entry.

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A GRAVE ERROR This elimination of the one remaining unmonopolized outlet for the Cunningham coal region was done, not by public proclamation with due notice, but by an Executive order. This occurred last fall, on October 28. Ordinarily such an order is issued with a sixty days' notice, and when it was originally prepared this order contained such a notice; but between the time of its preparation and the time of its issue the sixty days' notice was eliminated. Within four days surveys had been made at this point, which is far beyond the reach of the telegraph, and a claim in accordance with this Executive order had been filed. In other words, the Executive order and the filing of the claim were virtually simultaneous. Within two weeks two other claims had been filed, together with the rights of way of the projected railway. There is now a long stretch of water front, at least a mile long, that, with the possible exception of one section of eighty rods, is likely, if not certain, to fall into private possession. Why the President, after his experience with the Ballinger affair, allowed this thing to happen, we cannot imagine. This Executive order was issued while Mr. Ballinger was still Secretary of the Interior; but that, of course, does not relieve the President from responsibility in this matter. It is said on behalf of the Administration that the law reserves alternate strips to the Government. We hope that this is so, though a study of the map with the railway routes indicated leaves doubt whether these reserve strips will prove to be of any great value in preventing virtual monopoly. As Mr. Roosevelt says in an editorial on another page, water-front terminals ought to be on free land—that is, on land that is not held by private owners. Until this water-front was eliminated from the National Forest the Government had it in its power to promote the real development of Alaska by encouraging any one who would to engage in the transportation of coal. It was a grave mistake for the Administration to allow the Federal Government to lose this great advantage. A committee of Congress is now investigating this subject. We trust that that committee will recognize its responsibility, and by resisting the temptation to make partisan capital out of the issue will enable the country to learn what has really happened and what future safeguards should be adopted. There is no greater stifler of real material development than monopoly; and if this throwing open of land on the shore front of Controller Bay results in the creation of a virtual monopoly in Alaska, the retarding of Alaska's development will be more than ever due to those who within and without the Government have been advocates of special interests.

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FALSE WITNESS The preposterous story that some members of Gifford Pinchot's family are interested in an Eastern coal mine which is supplying the war-ships on the Pacific Coast, and that this accounts for the Pinchot Conservation policy, ought never to have found its way into the columns of any reputable paper. The man who started this story, and who is reported as affirming it "according to my information," and the newspapers which gave circulation to it without taking the trouble to inquire whether there is any truth in it or not, might read with profit St. Paul's characterization of causeless slander and careless repetition of it when he includes in the same catalogue those who are whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, etc. Recklessness of life is a common vice in America; but there is at least this to be said in apology for it, that Americans are as ready to risk their own lives as to risk the lives of their neighbors. But not even this sorry excuse can be made for the man who takes up a perfectly groundless slander and gives it circulation without troubling himself to inquire whether it be true or false. It sometimes almost seems as though the Ninth Commandment had been abolished in this country. For the benefit of those who seem not to know that it exists, we venture to quote it: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

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IS DR. WILEY TO GO? Ever since the enactment of the Pure Food and Drugs Law the man who has had to bear the burden of its enforcement and who has been the chief object of attack by those who do not wish to see that law enforced has been the head of the Bureau of Chemistry, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. When, therefore, in the New York "Times" of Thursday of last week, there appeared a despatch announcing that Attorney-General Wickersham had recommended to the President that Dr. Wiley be given an opportunity to resign, the natural conclusion was that those who had objected to Dr. Wiley's enforcement of the Pure Food and Drug Law had scored a victory. The grounds on which the recommendation for Dr. Wiley's retirement is based are purely technical. They have to do with the method of paying an expert in the Bureau. It is not charged that the payment was more than the services warranted. It is not charged that the payment involved any favoritism. All that is charged is that the manner of payment did not accord with the technical interpretation of a certain provision of law. Dr. Rusby, the expert in question, was employed by the Government in a twofold capacity; first, as pharmacognosist, and, second, as an expert witness in suits at law involving the Pure Food Law. As pharmacognosist he had been paid twenty dollars a day—for a limited number of days every year; as expert witness he had been paid fifty dollars a day for attendance in court, which involves, of course, the previous preparation of testimony. A provision of law says that "the maximum salary of any classified scientific investigator in the city of Washington, or other employees engaged in scientific work, shall not exceed $3,500 per annum." Now this provision has been officially interpreted to mean that no such employee should be paid per day more than would amount to $3,500, if continued at that rate for a year. It is to be noted that the law does not say so, but simply that an officer of the Department of Justice declares that this is what the law is supposed to mean. Thereupon Dr. Rusby was employed under an annual salary, not of $3,500, but of less than half that amount, namely, $1,600. This annual salary included payment for his work not only as pharmacognosist but also as expert witness. This, it was shown, would, in view of the amount of work required, be equivalent to twenty dollars a day and fifty dollars for expert testimony. There is, however, another provision making it the duty of heads of departments to require employees to work full time, seven hours a day, six days a week. For accepting this arrangement, which no one charges as unreasonable, and for recommending another expert to be employed to assist him without loss to the Government, the Committee on Personnel of the Department of Agriculture recommend that Dr. Rusby be dismissed, and for allowing this arrangement to happen recommend that three of his superiors, including Dr. Wiley, be punished, one by being reduced in authority, and the other two by being retired. It is this recommendation which Attorney-General Wickersham has indorsed. A mere recital of these facts is enough to raise the suspicion that the purpose behind the movement to rid the Bureau of Chemistry of its very able chief and of efficient subordinates is to be found in something else than the good of the service. We cannot for a moment believe that the President will act in accordance with the recommendations that have been made to him.

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THE PRESIDENT ON ARBITRATION

President Taft made a noteworthy speech on July 7 to the Christian Endeavor Convention at Atlantic City. It was noteworthy because it gave clearer intimation than the public has had before, from any official source, of the probable nature of the anticipated general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. The President pointed out that great progress towards humanity and peace has been recently made: by ameliorating the ancient cruelties of war; by the immunity of private property on land from destruction; by the anticipated agreement to the Declaration of London, leading to the abolition of the quasi-piracy that has always characterized naval warfare in dealing with private property of citizens; by the recent Fur Seal Treaty, signed by England, Russia, Japan, and the United States, for the preservation of the seals from wanton destruction (concerning which we give further account in another paragraph); and, last but not least, by the near approach of the signing of a treaty with Great Britain for general arbitration. This treaty the President defines in the following terms:

> The treaty which we are now closing with Great Britain eliminates those exceptions and provides that all questions of international concern of a justiciable character shall be submitted to the arbitration of an impartial tribunal, and that whenever differences arise, before they are submitted to arbitration at all, they shall be taken up by a commission composed of some representatives from each Government that shall investigate the controversy and recommend a solution without arbitration if possible and then shall decide whether the issues are capable of arbitration, and if so the arbitration shall take place.

While it must be confessed that the word "justiciable" leaves the parties still to determine, in each question that may arise, whether it is justiciable (that is, whether it is one "proper to be brought before a court of justice"), nevertheless an agreement phrased thus in general terms to refer all such cases to an impartial tribunal, unless they can previously be settled by diplomacy, is a long step towards substituting the appeal to reason for the appeal to force. And if the hope expressed by the President is realized, and "we may have half a dozen treaties with European countries looking toward the arbitration of international differences," the dangers of war will be greatly lessened and the prospects, because the possibilities, of peaceful settlement of disputes greatly increased. The Outlook sincerely hopes that such a treaty, when it is finally perfected, may be made not only with leading European nations, but with Japan as well.

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PRESERVATION OF THE FUR SEAL

When we bought Alaska from Russia, there were several million fur seals in the colony which has its breeding-places on the Pribylov Islands in Alaska waters. To-day there are hardly a hundred thousand. Similar conditions exist in the herd which has its rookeries on the Commander Islands off the coast of Siberia. The greedy slaughter which has been pushing the herds steadily toward extinction is now, after many years, to be stopped. Four nations, Great Britain, Russia, Japan, and the United States, have joined in a treaty to prohibit pelagic sealing. The fur seals live in the open sea except during the months when the young seals are being born and reared. Then they establish rookeries in certain accustomed places on the shores of uninhabited islands. There the bulls gather around them their polygamous families, there the young are born and raised to the age of independence—and there the seals are hunted and killed for their fur. But it is not the hunting at the rookeries which has threatened the extinction of the species. For both Russia and the United States have restricted the killing that may be done under those conditions. But the female seals, when their young have been born, leave the rookeries at intervals and go out to sea to feed. So the ingenuity of man has invented pelagic, otherwise open-sea, sealing, with the result that hundreds of thousands of mother seals have been killed while their young were still dependent upon them for food. The depletion of the herd which would result from such a double slaughter—the mothers at sea by lance or gun, the young in the rookeries by starvation—is obvious. Russia and America long ago prohibited pelagic sealing in vessels sailing from their coasts, but Canadian and Japanese sealers sprang up to fill any gaps in the line—and the pelagic sealing went merrily on. Now the four nations, the only ones whose shores are near enough to the rookeries to provide home ports for the sealing vessels, have agreed to put an end to this hunting in the open sea. It only remains for the United States Government to make sure that the sealing at the rookeries on the Pribylov Islands is kept within limits which will not endanger the preservation and increase of the herd which breeds there.

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THE INCOME TAX AND THE STATES

The Legislatures of two States last week acted on the Income Tax Amendment. New York ratified the proposal that an amendment to the United States Constitution should make it possible for Congress, if it so chooses, to enact an income tax law. Connecticut refused to ratify this proposal. The action of the great State of New York carries with it far more influence than action by any other State possibly could. It is believed that were an income tax law to be passed the State of New York would under it pay more than would be paid by a selected list of States which should comprise actually one-third of the whole number of States. The revenue from such a tax which would be derived from New York would be enormous, and it is significant that the State which would so heavily feel the tax financially is perfectly willing to put it in the power of Congress to enact a law which would make the tax a reality. The vote in the New York Assembly was ninety-one to forty-two, or somewhat more than two to one. We find in the New York "Tribune" a statement as to the present condition of the action of States with regard to this matter which shows how the matter actually stands to-day. It appears that thirty-one States have passed favorably on the measure. Three (Rhode Island, Vermont, and Connecticut) have acted unfavorably by a vote of both houses. In seven States, one house has favored the amendment and one has opposed it; in three, one has favored the amendment and the other has failed to act; while in two no action has been taken by either house. When a

State has once ratified an amendment, it cannot withdraw its ratification; but negative action can be changed to affirmative whenever the Legislature shall so decide. Under the Constitution three-fourths of the States, that is thirty-five, must ratify the amendment before it can become a law. In one State, Arkansas, a unique condition exists, as both houses of the Legislature have ratified the Amendment and the Governor has attempted to veto their action. The Constitution says that amendments shall be ratified "by the Legislatures" and not by the law-making power; so it is to be presumed that the action of the Governor of a State is not essential to ratification, though the question has never been tested.

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THE BENCH AND THE BAR

Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, made last week a notable speech before the Kentucky Bar Association, at its tenth annual meeting in Lexington, Kentucky. We call the speech notable, not because there is anything very novel in it, but because it is a perfectly frank statement to the public of important facts which are recognized in private conferences among the lawyers, but, if given to the public, are apt to be given by men whose extreme radicalism deprives their utterances of weight, and in forms which are destructive if not demagogical. Governor Wilson has long been a careful student of public affairs, combines academic knowledge with practical experience, and speaks in a wholly constructive spirit. He points out some of the causes which have produced judicial defects and led to much public criticism, some of it just and some of it unjust, of our courts and judicial procedure:

> The bench must be filled from the bar, and it is growing increasingly difficult to supply the bench with disinterested, unspoiled lawyers, capable of being the free instruments of society, the friends and guides of statesmen, the interpreters of the common life of the people, the mediators of the great process by which justice is led from one enlightenment and liberalization to another.

This difficulty is enhanced by the fact that we seek for the bench the ablest lawyers, and the ablest lawyers are generally those who have been engaged in corporation business and have had their habits of mind necessarily affected by this fact. The result is not only miscarriage of justice in individual cases, but a tendency to put the courts out of sympathy with the public, and with the natural and orderly development of the National life. "Our courts are," says Governor Wilson, "under our constitutional system the means of our political development. We can go only as fast as the legal habit of mind of our lawyers will permit. Our politics are bound up in the mental character and attitude and in the intellectual vigor and vision of our lawyers." Recent illustrations of this constitutional defect of our courts (though Governor Wilson does not refer to these illustrations) are afforded by the Bake-Shop Decision in the Supreme Court of the United States, and by the decision of the Workmen's Compensation Act in the Court of Appeals in New York State. Governor Wilson does not, in the report before us, point out the remedies for this unfortunate characteristic in our judicial tribunals. The remedy, it seems to us, is partly to be found in a fuller recognition by our law schools that law is and must always be a developing science, and the lawyer must be guided and controlled, not by precedents of the past, but by the fundamental principles which those precedents indicate and illustrate; and, secondly, by the selection of men for the bench who have shown their ability rather in their grasp of great principles than in their knowledge of precedents.

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A HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE

One presage of the universal peace which the future is to bring lies in the long avoidance of war between those nations which stand foremost in civilization. Thus it is over forty years since there has been war between any two of the following countries: Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Russia, Austria, the United States. If that forty years shall in due course become a hundred, it will be time to look at war as the resort of semi-barbarous peoples, or the unwilling course forced on a highly civilized by a little civilized nation. But there is already nearly completed one instance of a century of peace. In 1915 a century will have elapsed since there has been war between the two great nations of the English-speaking peoples. It would be hard to exaggerate the impressiveness of this century milestone in the history of peace. The Treaty of Ghent between Great Britain and the United States was signed on December 24, 1814, and ratified by our Senate February 17, 1815. Owing to the slowness of communication in those days Stewart won naval victories in the Constitution and Decatur lost the President after the Treaty of Ghent was actually signed.

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AN INTERNATIONAL CELEBRATION

The completion of this century of peace will be celebrated worthily both nationally and internationally, both by the peoples and by their Governments. The first step has been taken in this country through the organization of a National Committee and an International Committee. For the first Theodore Roosevelt is Honorary Chairman; and Elihu Root, Levi P. Morton, Adlai E. Stevenson, William J. Bryan, Alton B. Parker, and Joseph H. Choate are Honorary Vice-Chairmen; while in the actual working force Andrew Carnegie is Chairman and Edwin Ginn and Albert K. Smiley are Vice-Presidents. The Executive Committee consists of Charles W. Fairbanks, Honorary Chairman; Theodore E. Burton, Honorary Vice-Chairman; John A. Stewart, Chairman, and William H. Short, Secretary, with a long list of men of distinction and experience in public life as members of the Executive Committee or chairmen of standing committees. An examination of the lists of names inspires confidence in the representative character of the movement and leaves the conviction that the work of preliminary organization has been carried on wisely and efficiently. The plans for the celebration are not yet definitely fixed, but will be thoroughly considered at a meeting to be held this autumn. Doubtless the various events of the War of 1812 and its close will be commemorated in several ways and places; monuments on the Canadian frontier and at the scenes of famous battles and observances at New Orleans are among the plans in view. But as to the large objects to be attained under the guidance of this committee, aided by private subscription and perhaps by Federal and State legislation and appropriation, two things should be brought about: a permanent National monument of which we may be proud, and a celebration at the appropriate time by the peoples of Great Britain and the United States. Public sentiment both here and in Canada would, we believe, approve of the erection of a Peace Memorial Bridge near Niagara Falls as the permanent monument. Such a bridge should be built on simple lines and be non-ornate in its design, suited to the idea it must express of the tie of friendship and lasting peace between the two peoples whose territory it unites. No other plan for a permanent memorial seems to The Outlook to equal this in appropriateness and feasibility. The plans for the celebration, it is hoped, will include observances at Ghent as well as in England and the United States. This summer an international committee of the organization just described will attend conferences abroad and help shape plans for such celebrations. While the anniversary year is 1914–1915, it is evident that there is not too much time left for the very extensive preparations needed. The interest and enthusiasm of Americans should immediately be aroused to the importance of the occasion and the necessity of quick and right action.

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THANKS TO GOVERNOR DIX

The Governor of New York State has wisely notified the Legislature that he does not approve the reported attempt to put through at this session the amendments to the Charter of the city of New York which the Legislature has had under consideration. In a minute issued from the Executive Chamber he says that after the proposed Charter amendments have been submitted to the Legislature the citizens and taxpayers of the municipality should be given ample time to understand and digest their provisions; that this is especially true when radical changes are contemplated; that no city charter should be acted upon in haste by the Legislature, certainly no charter for a city which contains one-half the population of the State. The thanks of the city are due to the Governor for this action. The thanks are none the less fervent because the action was not expected. The particular amendments proposed in the bill are so radical as, in some important respects, to be revolutionary. They have not been publicly debated to any considerable extent, either in the city or in the State Legislature. The people of the city had no direct participation in the selection of the committee which originally formulated them. They are popularly known as Mayor Gaynor's Charter. Whether, in fact, the Charter is the product of his thought or not, this popular title given to it indicates the general impression that the city itself has had little to do with its preparation. The population now residing in the city of New York is about the same as the population residing in the Thirteen Colonies at the time the Constitution of the United States was formed. While it is true that the city has a large foreign population composed of men who are not familiar with American problems, it is also true that the political intelligence represented in the city of New York is not inferior to that represented in 1787 in the Colonies. There is only one right way, certainly only one democratic way, to prepare a Charter for the government of this great population. It is by the creation of a committee small enough to work together efficiently, large enough to represent the different elements and interests in the population, who should prepare what would be to the city what a State Constitution is to the State, and who should then submit it to the Legislature, as the State Constitution of a new State is submitted to Congress. Unless there are serious objections to the organic law thus prepared, it should be accepted by the Legislature. If there are serious objections, it should be sent back to the city for reconsideration, and it should finally be submitted to the city for adoption or rejection by a popular vote, exactly as the Constitution of the State and amendments to that Constitution are submitted to the people of the State. If this course were pursued, there is a fair prospect that some radical changes would be made in our police organization along lines which The Outlook has already suggested. And we are measurably certain that the city would never adopt, and would never be asked by a committee of its own members to adopt, provisions which detached the school system from that of the State and made it a department of the city, and created two paid boards, one on the pedagogical side, the other on the business side, as is proposed by the pending Charter amendments.

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THE MENACE OF THE CROSS-SWITCH "The Slipping of a Human Cog," "Only the Engineer to Blame," are newspaper headlines which express a common view of the disaster on the New York and New Haven Railway at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on Tuesday of last week, by which twelve lives were lost outright, and several times that number of passengers were crushed, mangled, or injured. The view thus indicated does not seem to us complete or correct. It is true that the direct cause of the accident was probably the recklessness or forgetfulness of the engineer, who paid the forfeit of his fault with his life. But it is easy to substitute an immediate cause for an ultimate cause. Human life must not be left dependent on the possibility of error in one mind. Often there is truth in the sad and indignant comment of this engineer's widow: "They always blame the engineer." In this case, the engineer, Curtis, was what is known as an "extra." He had had the usual training of several years as fireman, had driven freight engines, had some experience with passenger trains, and, it is said, had at least once before driven the engine for the fast Washington-to-Boston express, which suffered derailment, and in large part destruction, last week. Whether or not the Company acted wisely in intrusting such a fast and important train as this to a man of Curtis's apparently somewhat limited experience is not a question to be settled here. The important point involved is that railway management and rules can be, and should be, so devised that such a slip of mind or memory as must have befallen Curtis should not involve fatal consequences. Rules and regulations may be excellent in themselves, but if they are so framed that a sudden lapse of intelligence or sanity *on the part of the engineer* makes them of no avail, then the constant danger in which passengers are involved is too serious to be tolerated. The class of accidents to which the Bridgeport disaster belongs is that of the cross-over switch, or, as some call it (rather loosely, we think), the open switch. Curtis had orders to stop at Bridgeport to drop a fish-tank car. This involved the crossing from the track on which his train had been running to another track. The switch by which this crossing was to be accomplished led forward (that is, in the direction the train was going) from the one track to the other. The rules of the road forbid taking such a switch at more than fifteen miles an hour; Curtis took it with his engine at about sixty miles an hour, and the result was precisely what might be expected. But it ought to be physically impossible for a moving train to make such a crossing. The way to prevent it is simple. Let the switches be so arranged that, in order to make a crossing, the train must first come to a standstill and then be switched backward on to the second track. Once establish that rule, and this whole class of accidents becomes impossible. No doubt railway men will protest that a law requiring this method of switching would cause delay, prevent making fast time, and be inconvenient generally. This is not the concern of the lawmakers. Railway men are ingenious in getting over precisely such difficulties. Let them devise the best way possible to accomplish the object in view. If it is impossible to accomplish it without some delay, then the American traveling public must learn to accept whatever delay is necessary to insure safety to human life. It is commonly said, and said among railway employees, that no excuse is accepted from an engineer for not making time, and more than one engineer has been quoted as saying that the engineer who does not make time loses his job. There is something more important than time—hard as this saying may seem to the American mind—and that is life.

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THE FARMERS AND THE DROUGHT Not in twenty years have the farmers of the Mississippi Valley been so seriously hampered by delayed rainfall as during the past six months. The prolonged drought reached its climax in the hottest June on record, with days in which the heat, as in the East a little later, exceeded any previously known. To the farmer and stockman it meant real disaster. Not only were pastures shortened and feed prices sent soaring, but the coming corn crop, which all over the West ranks with wheat as the chief income-producer, was threatened with destruction. Even with the final breaking of the heat wave, there is certain to be a material lessening of the production of this cereal. Several of the Southwestern States expect but half a crop. The entire West has had since last summer a deficiency of moisture, compared with the average of forty years. Out in the "high plain" country, where the early years of the last decade gave such rainfall as indicated a change in the climate, less moisture than in any season of the fateful nineties has fallen during the past year. Cattlemen who had counted on grazing facilities for the summer were compelled to hurry their stock to market with insufficient preparation and at demoralized prices. The farmer, fearing a lessened income, has purchased cautiously, thus affecting the merchant, and through him the demand for manufactured goods. A hand-to-mouth system of buying has prevailed all over the West, much to the dissatisfaction of the industrial world. Despite the praises sung during the period of high prices for foodstuffs, the farmer's margin of profit is not large. A series of dry years embarrasses him and brings sharp economies. The forty days of baking sunshine over the prairie States in 1901, which practically wiped out the corn crop in several States, brought business restrictions that lasted for more than a year. That there will result from this year's lack of rainfall any such financial depression among the farmers as came in the nineties is not to be expected. The farmers have been laying aside savings for more than a decade. They have learned many methods of overcoming the lack of moisture through the sowing of drought-defying crops. They are proportionately much less in debt, and are prepared for a season of reduced income. Nothing less than a succession of unfruitful seasons could seriously affect them. This year most sections of the West have harvested a generous crop of wheat. Oklahoma, which has lost a great portion of its wheat and corn, has cotton as a resource. On the whole, the interior takes an optimistic view of the situation, and while it has felt keenly the extremely dry weather, and the heat wave coming earlier in the growing season than ever known, it will have a fair average income when the season ends. Higher prices for the crops produced add to the farmer's encouragement, and while he may suffer inconvenience, he has by no means taken alarm.

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PRISON LABOR

The "American Magazine" for July contains an article by Julian Leavitt the character of which is indicated by its sub-title: "How a great manufactory gets its goods made by convicts in five States for thirty-four cents a day." This manufactory, according to the writer, is the Ford-Johnson Company, of Cincinnati, in which, it is stated, Mr. George B. Cox, the Cincinnati political boss, has long had an important interest. The Ford-Johnson Company is engaged in "manufacturing, buying, selling, and dealing in chairs, chair frames, settees, furniture, lumber, and other kindred substances." "For many years this company," the article goes on to state, "either in its own name or that of one of its many subsidiaries, has controlled the labor of convicts in several prisons from Connecticut to Kentucky." In the Indiana State Prison it employs two hundred men at sixty-five cents a day, the State of Indiana furnishing the buildings rent free; in Kentucky, two hundred and fifty men at about seventy-five cents a day; in the House of Correction at Chicago, one hundred men at about forty cents a day; in the county jail at Hartford, Connecticut, two hundred men at ten cents a day; in the county jail at New Haven, Connecticut, two hundred men at an average price of eight cents a day. These contracts are taken in the name of different companies, said by the writer to be all connected with, or subsidiary to, the Ford-Johnson Company of Cincinnati. The publication of these statements in a reputable magazine, and over the name of its author, certainly justifies an investigation by the National Prison Reform Association. It ought to have no serious difficulty in getting and giving to the public authoritatively the facts and figures.

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A RELIC OF BARBARISM

Contract prison labor is a relic of barbarism. It ought to have no place in any American jail of any description. It violates every fundamental principle recognized as sound by penologists. It organizes a system of quasi-slave labor, and intensifies the hate for work in a class whose hatred of work does not need intensifying. It divides authority between the prison officials and the foreman of the work in a community which, above all other communities, ought not to be subject to divided authority. It creates in the mind of those who control the prison laborers a desire to use them for personal profit, in place of the only desire which is legitimate in a prison—the use of all the instrumentalities employed for the moral benefit and ultimate reform of the prisoners. It compels honest labor outside the prison walls to compete with quasi-slave labor within the prison walls; it is preposterous to organize a tariff to protect American labor against cheap-priced labor abroad, and organize a still cheaper-priced labor at home to underbid the honest laborer. The facts which Mr. Leavitt states are a disgrace to all who have any part or lot in this scheme, whether as contractors, political managers, or legislators; and the disclosure of the facts ought to lead to instant measures for the abolition of this contract labor system in the States where it still exists. Prison labor should be organized for the reform of the prisoners, carried on under prison officials, as far as possible employed in the manufacture of goods for State uses, and the products of the labor never should be sold under current market rates.

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THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

The forty-ninth Convention of the National Education Association opened on Monday afternoon, July 10, at Berkeley, in the charming Greek Theater of the University of California, before an assemblage of nearly ten thousand teachers. After words of welcome from the Governor of the State and the Mayor of San Francisco, President Wheeler, of the University of California, spoke of the mission of the public school in handing over the institutions of Americanism from their Anglo-Saxon founders to the new population now assuming the name American and in welding together a nationality out of its diverse elements. President Jordan, of Stanford, followed with an appeal for instruction concerning the effects of alcohol and narcotics. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was duly inducted into office with cordial recognition as the first woman President of the Association. Though not in full health, she carried the duties of the office with equipoise and dignity. The remaining sessions were held in San Francisco, July 11–14. Among the great variety of meetings and topics the keenest interest centered about the "New Subjects:" music, domestic science, physical culture, hygiene, manual training and moral training. The most significant action of the Convention for the real interests of education connected itself, however, with the reception of the report of the Committee of Nine on the articulation of high school and college. It was radical but timely and in full accord with a long-developing and now sharply crystallized educational opinion. It proposes that college admission shall be based upon the completion of a well-planned high school course, and not upon subjects and amounts prescribed by the colleges. The wide discrepancy between preparation for life and preparation for college is to be removed. A student should not be compelled to decide whether or not he will enter college until the latest possible period. Vocational work should go hand in hand with cultural, and not be merely superimposed. The standard course proposed requires fifteen units, a unit being a year's work in any one subject. Absolutely required should be three units of English, one of social science history, one of natural science. To prevent scattering, the course should include two "majors" of three units each. To prevent the absorption of the course by non-academic branches like household science, etc., it is stipulated that of the total fifteen units not less than eleven shall consist of subjects like English, foreign languages, mathematics, social science, or natural science. In no case are more than two units of foreign languages to be required, though six are possible. A supplemental report suggests, under certain safeguards, the possibility of a complete course without any foreign language. There was a rather painfully notable absence at the Convention of men of light and leading, as well as of men formerly prominent in the organization. A dust-cloud of politics stirred by people lacking larger mind or interest overhung the entire assemblage. The methods used in the gratification of petty ambitions make the holding office in this body a doubtful honor and leave a depressing effect upon the minds of those who are looking for rescue to the schools.

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THE MAN FROM KANSAS—AND OXFORD

We are glad that it was a man from Kansas, for the time being a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, who won the hammer-throw in the field games in London last week, thereby giving the victory to the English universities. For the representatives of two of our American universities with victory almost within their grasp to be "nosed out" at the finish (if we may borrow a phrase from the languishing sport of horse-racing) by a representative of an English university who is at the same time an American, has in it something suggestive of Anglo-Saxon solidarity, something indefinably satisfying to our sense of kinship with the folks of the mother country. The contest was held at the Queen's Club grounds in London. Athletes from Harvard and Yale met, for the fourth time in twelve years, athletes from Oxford and Cambridge. Twice before the Americans had won, once the Englishmen; now the tale is even. Of the nine events, Oxford and Cambridge won five—the hundred-yard dash, the quarter-mile, mile, and two-mile runs, and the hammer-throw; Yale and Harvard won four—the one hundred and twenty yard hurdles, the broad and high jumps, and the half-mile run. Every event was closely contested, and two new records for these international meets were set up—15 2-5 seconds by G. A. Chisholm, of Yale, for the hurdles, and 9 minutes 29 1-5 seconds by E. Gowan Taylor, of Oxford, for the two-mile run. Three winners came from Cambridge, three from

Yale, two from Oxford, and one from Harvard. It is interesting to note that if the method of scoring had been that in common use in this country, in which a first counts five points, a second three points, and a third one point, each side would have scored forty points. Every event of international sport—whether it be in polo, yacht-racing, track athletics, golf, tennis, or what not—when, as in this case, it is unmarred by bad manners or ill feeling, is a contribution to the comity of nations, a tribute to the ideals of sportsmanship. The incident of the man from Kansas—and Oxford—makes the present event a larger contribution, a higher tribute. Those who criticise his participation, or feel in his share in the English victory an added sting, need to revise their conception of sport.

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WHY STOP WITH SHYLOCK?

Recently there has been a movement among Jewish citizens urging the elimination from the public schools of the country of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," on the ground that the portrait of Shylock tends toward ridicule of the Jewish race; and there are several schools at which it is reported that this movement has succeeded in stopping the pupils from performing the play. The success of such a movement, so far from doing away with prejudice against the Jews, would be apt to increase it; indeed, the movement itself tends to excite the ridicule of the people on whose behalf it is urged. The great classics of literature were for the most part written by men who were under the influence of strong racial, religious, and national prejudice, and to eliminate for such reasons these great masterpieces from our schools would amount merely to by so much condemning us to mental sterility. Of course we cannot stop with any one creed or nationality. If "The Merchant of Venice" can rightly be barred on the protest of Americans of Jewish faith or race, then "Henry V" must be barred lest it offend the susceptibilities of Americans of French descent, and "Hamlet" because Danes may object to such an unpleasant picture of the Danish Court and nobility. Scott in his greatest novels portrays the Puritan and the Covenanter in a very unpleasant light, as compared with their Episcopalian and Catholic fellow-citizens and opponents; but, although the editors of The Outlook are descended from those same Puritans and Covenanters, it had not occurred to us to ask that Scott be barred from the public schools. Don Quixote accepts implicitly the Spanish view of his day concerning heretics, from Protestants to Jews, but we should have less than no sympathy with a Protestant protest against it; nor would we sympathize with a Catholic protest against Borrow; and we should think uncommonly little of either the Protestant or Catholic who made such a protest. Dickens did not like America, but we should regard the American who tried to bar any of Dickens's works, including "Martin Chuzzlewit," from the public schools as rightly exposing the American Nation to ridicule. Dante represented the highest that there was to be found in fourteenth-century Catholicism, and Milton the highest in seventeenth-century Puritanism. We certainly pity the man who cannot enjoy both, and we sincerely pity, with the pity which is akin to a much less kindly feeling, the man who wishes to debar his children and the children of others from the chance of enjoying such magnificent masterpieces of literature as those, because each happens to reflect some racial or religious prejudice of a bygone age.

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A NEW SHAKESPEAREAN MYSTERY

While Dr. Owen is ransacking the bed of the beautiful Wye for evidence that Bacon first wrote Shakespeare's plays and then cut off Shakespeare's head, the possibility that a terra-cotta cast which recently came to light in a shop in Warwickshire may be a "squeeze" from the death mask of the poet has awakened genuine interest among students. An expert, writing in the columns of the "Illustrated London News," says that when the suggestion was made to him he was inclined to dismiss it as purely fantastic; and was strongly of the opinion that it was a cast of the well-known head of the Stratford monument, which was first mentioned in the first folio edition of 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, and was believed to have been modeled from a death mask. A careful comparison, however, of the newly discovered cast with the Stratford head revealed a number of obvious differences: it showed much finer modeling, far greater lifelikeness, a projection of the iris entirely lacking in the clumsy work of the man who shaped the features of the Stratford bust. A further and more interesting feature of this latest Shakespearean mystery was the discovery, in cleaning the cast, of a small tuft of reddish hair near one of the ears, as happens sometimes when a mask is removed from a head!

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A GREAT-HEARTED NOVELIST

There are many who hold that those who love Thackeray possess the instinct for literature, and that failure to enjoy "Vanity Fair" shows a congenital inability to recognize sound writing at sight. This is going too far, for there are wide differences of taste within the bounds of sound literary judgment; and there are those who appreciate the form but dislike the substance of Thackeray's novels. His instinct for style was indeed almost unerring. It is true that he had his uninspired moments, and his pen sometimes ran on through many pages by its own momentum. It is also true that his view of life and his method of writing fiction had obvious limitations; that there are wide fields of experience and great stretches of life to which apparently he never gave a thought; and there are, therefore, many readers of sound taste and genuine literary feeling to whom he does not appeal. When his pen was in his hand, however, Thackeray was always the artist; his phrase, his construction, his diction, were his own, and bore the stamp of what is called style. A brief acceptance of a dinner invitation from his hand had a charm, at once individual and elusive, which filled one with a desire to put it with the other classics in the library. In all literature there is no more striking confirmation of the maxim that the style is the man. It is the perfect naturalness of it that is so amazing and so deceptive. It looks so easy; it is so difficult. It confirms the dictum of a witty teacher of English, that in order to be natural you must first have a nature.

The secret lay in Thackeray's nature. He had great reserve, and one would no more have thought of taking a liberty with him than with Washington or Gladstone; but with no other novelist does the reader have a greater sense of intimacy. He often writes in his dressing-gown, and what he says has a touch of those frank and tender confidences that sometimes pass between strong men before a late fire; but they are never diluted by sentimentality nor vulgarized by over-emphasis. If we are permitted to look at Helen Pendennis on her knees praying for Arthur, it is only for a moment, and our hearts are bared in her presence. If the door is opened into the room where Colonel Newcome is dying, it is the appeal of the universal mystery that touches us beyond tears, not a dramatic setting of the leave-taking of a man to whom life has been not a matter of winning or losing but of honor.

It is an unerring instinct that makes Thackeray reverent in the presence of all deep and genuine emotion, and it is the same instinct which makes him the keen and unsparing satirist in the presence of sham, of pretension, of any kind of moral and social unreality. He was preeminently a social novelist; he studied men and women in what may be called their society relations rather than in their social relations, as Tolstoy would have used that word. He loved the world in which he lived, but he knew that it was a highly conventionalized world, and his interest in and affection for it never blinded his eyes to its limitations and littleness. He knew also, what some writers of novels of moral purpose never learn, that within that world largely shaped by social conditions which, like all such conditions, were artificial and transitory, the depths of human experience were sounded and the heights of human achievement attained. There were no earthquake movements in Thackeray's world, but all the little ironies of life were there, and black tragedy often waited behind the scenes as relentlessly as in the Greek plays.

The keen satirist, the half-smiling cynic, who loved to picture himself with cap and bells and to make ironic speeches in a voice that trembled with emotion, deceived those only who do not know how often the shy wear the air of the bravado, and the tender-hearted protect themselves by a wintry manner or a slightly scornful attitude.

We get the sense of intimacy from Thackeray because he lived so close to his kind and was so deeply involved in the life he portrayed. He was so truly a member of the human family that he was well within his rights when he touched its foibles, weaknesses, meannesses, and sins with an easy and familiar hand, made sport of its pretentious and childlike vanities, and held up its greed and snobbishness and cruelty to derision and scorn. He often spoke in anger, but never in bitterness; he sometimes scorched with the fire of his indignation, but he never blasted; the sense of the common destiny, the feeling of the fellowship of all men and women, never left him. No man shared more deeply than he the consciousness of the pathos of human conditions, however fortunate, nor does any man who has left a record of himself in writing so often and so unaffectedly remind us of the fragility of human relations and the sword that always hangs over human happiness.

The habit of preaching is often charged against him, and he would have been the last to deny that he often put on the gown and bands; but there never was a more tender and sympathetic preacher, nor one who kept closer to his text. No man of such deep tenderness as he could escape the moral implications of life. He loved the world and was at home in it, and because it was so much to him its changes saddened him and the unbroken farewell, "dust to dust," fell on his heart.

To Thackeray the people in his stories were as much alive as the men and women around him; he lived with them and visualized their homes as clearly as their persons. They lodged in houses which bore numbers on actual streets, and a directory of the characters in the novels would give addresses in various parts of London to which a cabman might drive without a moment's hesitation. He often pointed out to his daughter, Lady Ritchie, the homes of the children of his imagination. The Osbornes lived in Russell Square, Becky Sharp in Curzon Street, Harry Warrington lodged in Bond Street; the "tall, gloomy house between two other tall, gloomy houses," where the Crawleys lived, stood in Great Gaunt Street, and the Marquis of Steyne had his house close at hand in Gaunt Square; and in the ancient repose of Charterhouse Colonel Newcome escaped from the veteran Campaigner and met the challenge of death as he had met the challenges of life with a quiet "*Adsum.*"

The houses in which Thackeray had lived were dear to him. When, in later years, in company with James T. Fields, he passed the house in Kensington in which "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," and "Pendennis" were written, he suddenly cried out: "Down on your knees, you rascal, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned! And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." And all the world knows by his own confession that when he finished the great scene between Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne he laid down his pen, struck the table, and cried out, "That is a stroke of genius!" And he was quite right; for there is no scene in English fiction more convincing. And the world knows, too, that when he had made an end of Colonel Newcome and read that moving chapter to a friend the tears ran down his face.

This study of the man may seem to have slight bearing on his work as a writer; as a matter of fact, it is the uncovering of the secret of that work. His heart was never worn on his sleeve, but his stories are a confession of his innermost nature. His view of life, the characters he drew with so sure a pencil, the things he satirized and those in whose presence he uncovered his head, the sadness in joy, the sweetness of faith and devotion in the daily trivialities, the pathos that waits on all striving and sacrifice and ambition—these substances and qualities of which his books are compounded were the substances and qualities of his own nature.

He never saw a boy that he did not desire to tip him. In a delightful article in the current number of the "Century" Mr. Melville quotes: "There's A's son, or B's son," he would say to a companion; "let's go across and tip him;" and his standard breakfast for a boy was beefsteak and apricot omelet.

Of the four great gentlemen in fiction—Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, Colonel Newcome, and Henry Esmond—two were born in the imagination of this big-brained and big-hearted lover of his kind; and the gentleman, it must be remembered, is born, not made. No rank in society fashions him, and no station in life is so lowly that it may not produce him; but he must be born, he cannot be made; his secret lies deep in his instincts; he turns unerringly where honor lies, and profit and loss have no place in his reckoning. He may have the greatest charm of manner or his bearing may have a hint of rusticity; his courtesy is instinctive and never fails. Integrity, the highest point reached by most men, is his point of departure for that chivalry of soul which touches integrity with distinction and gives dignity to the meanest conditions and the most sordid surroundings. Colonel Newcome was neither great nor successful, but we bare our heads in his presence, for he was honor incarnate. A great genius went into the making of Becky Sharp, but Colonel Newcome was born in the depths of a noble nature akin to the finest things which lie within reach of the human spirit.

A hundred years after Thackeray's birth he holds his place securely among the masters of fiction because his style has an almost inimitable charm, because in "Vanity Fair" he gave English fiction perhaps its most powerful novel, and in "Henry Esmond" perhaps its most beautiful novel; and because he had the richness of nature which made Colonel Newcome and Henry Esmond possible.

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EARNING THE RIGHT TO LEAD

Consecration to a great end is not simply or fundamentally a decision of the mind; it is primarily a decision of the will. It is a selection from among many possible ends; but it is, above all, a matter of character. A real moral leader shares the imperfect development which is part of the order of life; he is often full of inconsistencies, like his fellows; and, like them, he has his moments of weakness; but at the center of his being there is unchanging and unchangeable integrity. A bad man may at times be an effective political leader because he is sagacious in reading the signs of the times and detects cheap and inefficient political action; but a bad man cannot be a soldier in the war for the moral redemption of society. Right feeling and right action are the very soul of moral leadership.

One of the tragedies of life is the moral disqualification of men of great intellectual possibilities of leadership in that moral struggle which is incomparably the most important thing in the world. It is the age-old tragedy of selling a divine birthright for a mess of pottage; of sacrificing a great career for some lower and easier success. Moral leadership must be won by arduous personal struggle for incorruptible purity of motive and spirit. A thousand times the inspiring leader has seized the flag and carried it bravely for a time, only to let it fall in the mire by yielding to fear, to the insidious force of the cynicism and irony of the so-called worldly wise, to the temptation to rest in some easily won position and leave the real battle still unfought. This is what President Tucker had in mind in a sentence which all young men ought to lay to heart: "Above all, earn for yourselves the right and the power of taking the moral initiative among men to the bettering of the common work, to the helping of the world, to the saving of the lost." Some men are born with great gifts of moral insight and enthusiasm, as others are born with great gifts of intellectual insight and expression; but a moral leader must be made as well as born; he must not only possess certain gifts, but he must win the right to use them.

The self-denials and responsibilities of moral leadership are so great that society is given to extolling its leaders in this field as if they had made great sacrifices in taking up the rôle of leadership. This is a misconception of the place and rank of moral leadership; that leadership is a privilege so rare that men are compelled to earn the right to use it. It belongs to no man; it can be secured only by integrity, purity, and courage. Its possession is not a natural right; it is an acquired privilege. The power that goes with it is not given it is achieved. There is no nobler ambition to set before young men and women than the earning of the "right and power of taking the moral initiative."

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A BRIBE TO THE PRESS

The editorial in The Outlook for June 17 entitled "A Bribe to the Press" has brought to us several letters from dealers in patent medicines and a solemnly protesting editorial from "Printers' Ink." The latter does not object to the indignation which The Outlook expressed at this blatant attempt to bribe the American press, but it objects to The Outlook's treating as worthy of consideration what it calls a "fool circular."

It was a fool circular. It was more: it was a fake circular. The Advertisers' Protective Association appears to be a fake concern; letters sent to the address which it gives are returned marked by the Post-Office authorities "Fictitious address." We can only conclude that this Association is a single person who is either a practical joker—which is not probable—or a carefully concealed representative of some concern or concerns which wish to stop the campaign against adulterated and fraudulent foods, beverages, and drugs, and which take this method to accomplish that purpose.

We are not at all sorry that we published the editorial. We have no word of that editorial to retract or explain. We heartily believe in the inspection and regulation of foods, beverages, and drugs by the Government. We think that any injuries which may befall individuals from such Governmental supervision are insignificant in comparison with the injuries which befall the public from the lack of such supervision. In our opinion, that supervision should be such as to prevent false statements and false claims upon the labels of foods, beverages, and drugs. In this demand by The Outlook, in the interest of public health and welfare, there is no more intimation of dishonesty in the sellers of medicines than there is of dishonesty in the sellers of foods and beverages—that is, none at all. We may reasonably expect from every honest advertiser of honest goods cordial co-operation in this endeavor to guard the public against the dishonest advertisement of dishonest goods.

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WHY NOT?

The question is much discussed among ministers, Why do not more people go to church? We wish they would substitute another question, Why do not the churches go to more people? The question is very effectively put in a letter which lies before us from a clergyman. It was not written for publication, but we venture to quote from it without giving the writer's name:

> For years it has been my growing conviction that the church life of our time is really merely playing with the great problems of humanity. We try to build a superstructure that we call moral and spiritual, and we have not the foundations on which to build, namely, a clean, pure, strong, sound physical life. Our churches ought to be open to every sort of instruction and work that shall insure to every boy and girl knowledge and training that shall save them from blighting evils. We ought to open our churches to our physicians to help do this work wisely and effectively. When such work is done, then our moral and spiritual work will have the right foundations on which to build—and not till then. For there will always be many homes where this work is not done by parents, and the churches ought to see that it is done, as the very basis of all true religious work.
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> There is also the question of providing the public the right sort of amusements, if we are going to object to such as are now provided by the playhouses, the pool-rooms, etc.
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> The street corners every night show how many men have no places of recreation or of profitable resort. Our churches, instead of being shut every night save for our very inefficient prayer-meetings, ought to be wide open and to present a variety of attractive programmes of amusement or instruction every night in the week.

There are those who object to any such work as this undertaken by the Church, because they say that it is a departure from the Church's legitimate religious function. But it is not a departure from the Church's legitimate religious function. If men were hungry, Jesus fed them; if they were ignorant, he instructed them; if they were in sorrow, he comforted them; if they were in sin, and in despair because of sin, he brought them a message of pardon. This evangelical message of pardon was only a part of his work. It may have been the most important part.

It may have been even the largest part, measured by time, though that we doubt. But it certainly was not his whole work. And the commission which he gave to his Church was to carry on the work which he himself had done; it was to feed the hungry, teach the ignorant, comfort the sorrowing, succor and save the sinful. If the Church would follow the example of its Master, it must study human nature, understand human needs, and minister to those needs, whatever they are, either by its own direct activity or by inspiring the ministering activities in other organizations.

Jesus Christ, in his prayer, said to his Father: "I have glorified thee on the earth," and he added a sentence which explains how he had glorified God on the earth: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." And, in the very opening of his mission, he declared in the synagogue at Nazareth what the work was which had been given him to do: "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised." There are multitudes of poor in our great cities to whom the Church might well preach glad tidings by carrying a message of cheer to them where they are. It is no great wonder if they do not come to wealthy churches in aristocratic neighborhoods, filled by well-dressed and sometimes over-dressed congregations, to see if the Church has good tidings for them. The men who proclaimed liberty to the slave in America, whether they were in the Church or out of the Church, were doing the work which Christ declared he came to do, and which he commissioned his Church to carry on in his name and on his behalf. Some of the social settlements are fulfilling Christ's mission better than some of the Christian churches. In our judgment, the social settlement would fulfill that mission still more effectively if it did so in the name of the Christ who set the example and who inspires the spirit. To build a handsome church, put it in a wealthy section of the city, and open it three or four hours a week, is not to imitate the example of Christ; nor is it to fulfill the mission of him who said, "As the Father hath sent me into the world, so send I you into the world."

We submit to ministers and churches, to councils and conferences, as a legitimate subject for discussion, in lieu of the oft-debated question, Why do not people go to church? the more important but less debated question, Why do not the churches go to the people?

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ALASKA—IT MUST BE DEVELOPED

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE Government of the United States, representing the people of the United States, is not to be excused if it fails immediately to provide laws under which the development of Alaska, and especially the development of the Alaska coal-fields, can proceed without further delay.

During the last twenty years, since the public conscience has been awakened to the need not only of developing but of husbanding our natural resources, there have always been two sets of men apt to throw stumbling-blocks in the way of the development of new territories: first, the men who object to wise laws because they believe that they can get improper benefits under unwise laws; and, second, the men who in the name of virtue insist upon what is impractical, with the result that they leave unchanged the very conditions to which they in theory object more than any one else. It has proved well-nigh impossible, for instance, to get proper legislation in the great grazing regions of the United States, in part because very wealthy men who wish to exploit the country without regard to the interest of following generations have preferred an era of lawlessness, and in part because well-meaning but ignorant and narrow-minded men, many of whom sincerely believed that they were the special champions of the settler and the special opponents of the big special privilege corporation, rendered effective aid to their nominal foes by declining to accept reasonable changes in the law, and therefore perpetuated the conditions that insure fraud and wrong-doing. When, under the law, no man could get more than one hundred and sixty acres, and when no man could earn a livelihood unless he obtained many times one hundred and sixty acres of a given kind of land, there were only two alternatives: either the land could undergo no development at all (for free range meant nothing but destruction) or else there had to be illegal fencing. Under these conditions there was generally illegal fencing, and although some of the men who thus illegally fenced the public territory were deliberate wrong-doers who sought to keep conditions unchanged because they profited by lawlessness, others were well-meaning men led into wrong-doing by the laws themselves, which had created a situation such that success could come only through wrong-doing.

In Alaska our present laws are so utterly unsuited to the needs of the community as to make it well-nigh impossible honestly to develop the coal-fields. They were constructed on the theory that the average home-maker who wanted to make his livelihood out of coal in Alaska needed the kind of legislation suited to the man who fifty years ago made money out of a farm in Iowa or Illinois; and, as the conditions bore no resemblance to one another, the law naturally broke down in its working. With such laws in existence there were only two methods of developing Alaskan resources, one being to change the laws, the other to violate them. Certain great syndicates showed that they much preferred the latter plan. They preferred a bad law to a good law, for they wished an unchecked hand, and by their control over a large portion of the press they hoped to create a sentiment so favorable to the immediate development of Alaska, and so bitter against any attempt to enforce the existing law, as to make the Government sanction their wrong-doing. During the two years preceding last March and the incoming of Mr. Fisher, the Interior Department, in effect, sided with those great capitalists who wished to " develop " Alaska by making enormous fortunes for themselves outside of and in defiance of the law. A reading of the newspaper comments on the final decision in the Cunningham claims makes it evident that a number of good people who do not think very deeply, and who feel that Alaska ought to be developed at once, are inclined to follow the able and unscrupulous men who denounce as an obstacle to improvement every law designed to protect the rights of the people as a whole and every official who honestly and fearlessly enforces the law. If the decision in the Cunningham claims had not finally gone the way it did, the result would have been a triumph for the very worst kinds of special interest and the greatest possible setback to decency. Let it be remembered that for these two years that have passed the responsibility for keeping the situation as it is rests with the great syndicates in question and their supporters and adherents in public and in private life. Had these men abandoned the effort to secure special privileges and illegal favors to which they had not one shadow of claim, they doubtless would have succeeded in securing the proper amendment of the Alaska coal laws. The responsibility for the delay in the development of Alaska hitherto lies solely at their doors.

To show how completely the responsibility for retarding the development of Alaska is due to syndicates like that of the Guggenheims and their apologists and backers for the last two years in public and in private life, it is only necessary to compare the course of events during these two years with the previous course of the Government in this matter under Secretaries of the Interior Hitchcock and Garfield at the time when Mr. Pinchot was the head of the Forest Service. In 1906, when, on the recommendation of Secretary Hitchcock, the first withdrawal of the coal lands of Alaska was made, the effort to open the lands of Alaska to immediate development under a leasing system of coal lands was begun by those then in authority. In 1907, in various public documents, including a Message of the President to the Congress, the absurdity of the existing laws was clearly set forth, and Congress was urged to make development easy by the immediate opening of the coal lands under a system which should provide for their disposal and development with proper safeguards for the public. The foremost advocates of Conservation have never ceased from that day to this the effort to secure the opening of these coal lands under proper conditions, and the chief obstacle in the way has been the attitude of the men in public and in private life who have been bent upon preventing any development of Alaska unless it could take the shape of a development through great lawbreaking syndicates who sought absolute monopolistic control of the coal-fields, and who, provided they could thereby achieve this purpose, were equally willing to violate the existing laws and to prevent the enactment of better laws. Prior to that time, I, as President, had established a Public Land Commission (one of the commissions, established purely in the interests of the people as a whole, which Congress sought to declare illegal, and which it actually did succeed in finally having abolished, although they were perfectly legal). This Commission consisted of the then head of the Land Office, Mr. Richards, of Mr. Newell, and of Mr. Pinchot. The work of this Commission was adopted by Secretary Garfield as the policy of the Interior Department. There was no let-up in this policy, and it did not come to fruition simply because Congress refused to pass the necessary legislation; a refusal which could be in the interest only of the great syndicates. I wish to make this point perfectly clear. The then Secretary of the Interior, the then Chief of the Forest Service, the then Chief of the Reclamation Service, and their associates who were and are the leaders in the great movement for Conservation, warred steadily for the development of Alaska, and at the same time insisted that this development should take place in such shape as to be a development in the interests of the settlers of Alaska and in the interests of the people of the United States, and not in the interests of the Guggenheim Syndicate or of any other syndicate. In this connection I wish also to call attention to the essential fact as regards the Controller Bay situation. Controller Bay, under actual conditions, offers the only chance, or, at any rate, very much the best chance, for a free outlet from the great Bering River coal-fields. It was the imperative duty of the Government service to keep this outlet free and not to dispose of it to any individual or individuals. The Government should have held this land in perpetuity, permitting its use by any individual or corporation only under conditions that would subserve the general public interest. Unfortunately, the Interior Department last October eliminated from the Government reserve, not only the 320 acres the elimination of which was mistakenly recommended by the Agricultural Department, but 12,800 acres. Whether there was or was not impropriety in the way in which the elimination was brought about, whether or not there was impropriety in the action which resulted in the instant filing of claims by Mr. Ryan and others, does not go to the root of the matter. The root of the matter is that no such elimination should have been made by the Interior Department. The public interest demanded that this land should be kept under public control, and that to prevent monopoly its use should be permitted only under such conditions as the public need required. Remember always that such action would not have hindered development; it would have favored development, for it would have enabled any honest corporation to come in and do its part in developing the country without fear of being crowded out by some other corporation, which, through unwise Government action, might obtain a monopolistic right. It is absolutely essential that terminal facilities shall be on free territory. This is essential to the proper development of our waterways within the United States, and it is essential to the proper development of the Alaska coal-fields.

Congress, unless it is derelict in its duty, should proceed, without delay, to pass some such law as, while preserving absolutely the Government's control and its power to guarantee the rights of the people, will offer a sufficient premium to make it worth while for big moneyed concerns to develop the coal-fields. Alaska is now filled with pioneers of the same vigorous, restless, thrusting type as those who, in the present generation or in the generation preceding, laid the foundations of all our newer States. These men have a right to demand that the country in which they live be thrown open to development, and therefore to settlement; and the Nation has a keen interest in the development, because the coal is needed for our fleets in the Pacific. I believe that these settlers welcome Governmental action which insists upon the development being honest and being in the interest of the actual settler and home-maker. But they will not permanently acquiesce in legislation which puts a stop to all development. Men who are as far-sighted as they are unscrupulous, and who wish to see the illegal development of the coal-fields by lawbreaking syndicates of great wealth, count upon this feeling among the Alaskans and the people of the Northwest, and therefore desire that no new law shall be passed; for if there is no new legislation, they feel sure that in the end, by hook or by crook, the great syndicates will be able to have their way under the present system. Therefore, without one hour's delay, Congress should proceed to pass the laws demanded by the situation. One prime necessity in passing these laws is that sincere and honest reformers shall remember that the great coal-fields can be developed only by big corporations, and that big corporations will not and ought not to undertake such a business unless they are to have adequate profits. The aim should not be to prevent big corporations from working or to prevent them from getting adequate profits; the aim should be to give the corporation full opportunity and a chance of ample reward, but to keep such complete control over it as to insure that the reward, though ample, shall not be utterly unreasonable, and shall represent honest work honestly done, and also to see, by the adoption in some shape of the leasing system, that the interests of all of our people are effectively guarded. It is well to remember that the Congressman who, under pretense of hostility to the corporations, declines to permit the passage of legislation which will enable them to do their work honestly and to develop the coal-fields with a fair profit to themselves, while doing justice to others, is not only an enemy to the development of Alaska, but is playing into the hands of the great crooked syndicates who find among their most efficient allies, not merely the corrupt man in public life, but the impracticable person who, in the name of reform, wars against the only methods that will adequately control or check corruption. Alaska must be developed. It must not be developed through the Government's conniving at lawbreaking on a gigantic scale by great corporations. It must be developed by securing at once the passage of laws which will give to honest corporations an honest profit for doing the work of development. If Congress fails at once to deal with this matter, it will be guilty of criminal negligence.

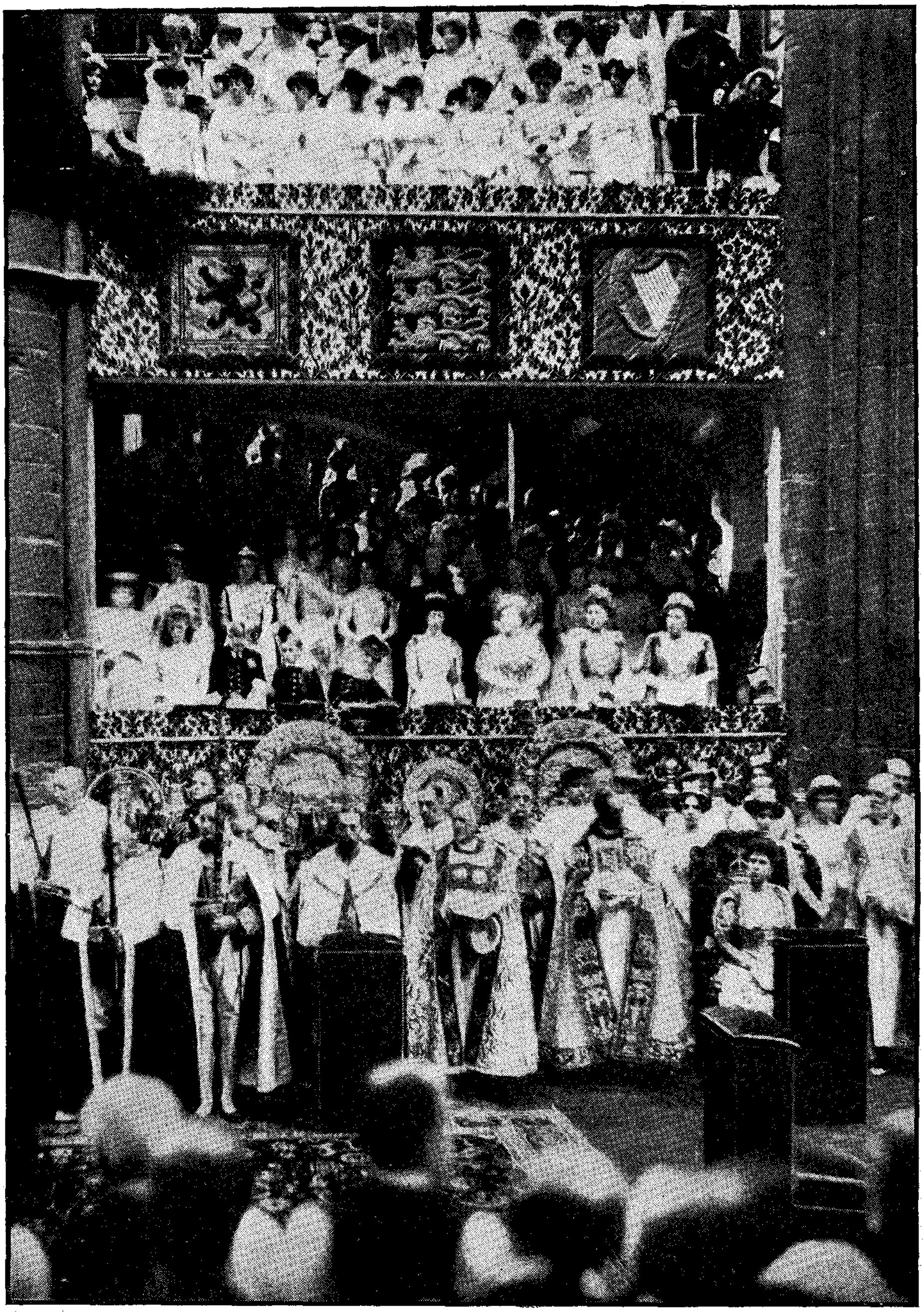
THE STORY OF THE CORONATION

BY RALPH D. BLUMENFELD

OF THE LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

THE Coronation cannot be described. It is a thing impossible, and too vast, too magnificent, too mystic, and too solemn for written sentences. It cannot be done; and what I am about to relate here is merely the impressionistic story of many pageants seen from a favorable corner in Westminster Abbey during seven of the most astonishing hours of my life; my eyes surfeited with historical color and motion and my ears sated with music. I was physically exhausted with the long vigil, yet I knew it not, for my brain was ablaze with the pictures that it had recorded and my mind bewildered with the mediæval splendor of the thing. I cannot even now, after the event, piece together the cyclone of emotions that raged within me, for as I try I merely conjure up pageant after pageant, color upon color, one more wonderful than the other. I have seen many sights in my life. I have seen kings crowned before. I have seen royal weddings and royal funerals and great processions without losing control over my perspective. So I entered Westminster Abbey on that Thursday morning at seven o'clock more with the air of doing my duty with eyes and ears and pen than seeing and hearing for my own personal interpretation. And I came out at two in the afternoon—dazed with the glory of it. If I fail, therefore, to show you the picture, it will be no great disgrace, for no man has ever succeeded in describing an English coronation service. Walter Scott tried it. I am satisfied to tell my story without award of laurels.

Westminster Abbey is built in the form of a cross. From the western entrance, before which a temporary annex had been built, stretches the nave, open to a point just short of the spreading arms of the cross, where a great carved oaken screen hides the choir, in which the Coronation took place. On either side of this long, blue-carpeted aisle, between the thousand-year-old pillars and the walls, rose immense blue-clothed stands, tier upon tier, holding the minor guests. These thousand and more people of rank and position saw nothing of the actual Coronation, for their view was cut off by the great screen. All they saw was a series of processions along the aisle. But they saw the entry of the King and Queen and their departure; and they heard the music and the chants and exhortations of the priests and the King's clear responses. They sat idly for hours, looking at their fellow-guests on the opposite side, and yet there was not one among them who would not do it again. In the choir, in the stalls of the canons and clergy, sat the foreign royalties and representatives of other countries. In the arms of the cross were the peers and peeresses, and above them, rising almost to the roof, the tiers of seats crowded with the members of the House of Commons and their women folk. Over the choir were galleries for notabilities. In the center was the "theater," where the ceremonies were performed. Here was the altar. Facing it, some fifteen yards away, stood the ancient Throne of St. Edward. Under its wooden seat rests the Liagh-fail, the Stone of Mystery, the Stone of Fate and of Fortune, torn from the lamenting Scots by Edward Longshanks from the Abbey of Scone centuries ago. Its history before then runs back to the myth world. Every King and



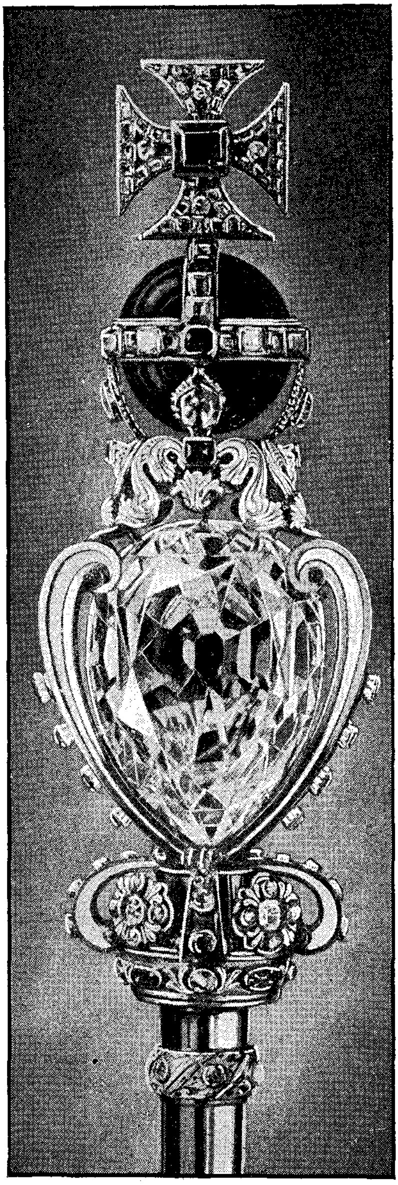
PHOTOGRAPH BY SIR BENJAMIN STONE, OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE CORONATION. COPYRIGHT 1911 BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

THE ROYAL COURT OF ENGLAND. TAKEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY DURING THE CORONATION CEREMONY

Queen of England has been crowned on it in the course of ages. Behind this throne were two smaller ones on a dais, one for the King and another for the Queen. Faldstools for prayer stood in front of them. On the right, in front of the tomb of Anne of Cleves, one of Henry VIII's wives, were two thrones for the preparatory service, and just behind them and over the tomb a box for the members of the royal family. The altar was filled with golden flagons, patens, chalices, and cups.

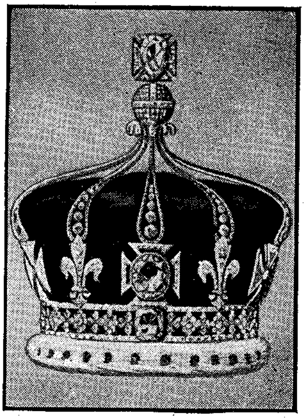
Thus the setting of the stage. At seven in the morning, as I took my place in the triforium directly over the thrones, and with a full view of transepts, choir, and nave, the Abbey already glowed with animation and color: peers in their robes, carrying their coronets; peeresses, princesses, generals, admirals, bishops; Knights of the Garter in great flowing blue mantles on which are embroidered the insignia of the order, Knights of St. Michael and St. George, Knights of Malta, Knights of Jerusalem, Knights of the Bath, Knights of the Indian Empire, Knights of St. Patrick, Knights of the Thistle, each with different colored robes and embroidery; "honourable gentlemen" of the King's Body Guard, Yeomen of the Guard, Lords Lieutenant, Deputy Lieutenants looking like Field Marshals of a century ago, Royal Ushers of Scotland, Privy Councilors in silver panniers and white silken knee-breeches, Life Guards officers, provincial mayors with their gold chains of office round their necks—some of these chains as old as the Abbey itself—dragoons, hussars, lancers, yeomanry, colonels, men in shakos, men in busbies, men in silver, gold, brass, and jet helmets, men with spears and men with halberds, priests in red, in white, in gold, choir-boys in surplices, all marshaled to their places by officers in regimental uniform or men in levee dress carrying red staves with golden tops. There was no confusion. Every seat was numbered, every section had a gold staff usher to look after it. Even at that early hour the scene was wonderful. A great picture was being painted as if by a master hand. Here a dash of color, there a red splash, there a purple and here a white. Quickly the spaces were brushed in by the invisible hand, rapidly, almost feverishly, until at last the framework was filled in and there lay before me a glowing, living picture such as perhaps the world has never seen before. By eight o'clock the dim old Abbey looked like a vast flower garden that had been arranged by a master gardener, an artist in formality and color. The peeresses sat together in the south transept, a great square of living color like a patch of lilies. Above them the Commons in all the uniforms of imagination, with their wives in white and cream and gold. On the other side the crimson-robed peers, showing underneath the gold and silver and white of their court clothing. Above them again the other half of the Commons in all the uniforms that imagination can conjure up—levee dress, militia, territorial, regular army and navy, lieutenancy, ushers, King's Counsel, and ministerial. In the theater itself, close by the thrones, a splash of purple and white made up of thirty or more bishops huddled closely together as is their wont; great men, these, superior to the civil authorities as from early days; some of them in golden copes. In the galleries above the choir, a great concourse of exalted people. The colors stunned the eye. Nothing approached the amazing glory of the Indian princes. There was such a riot of color here that the eye grew wearied and sought rest along the pure white surplices of the great choir, who looked like a thousand angels in their eyrie. Away down the long aisle the living garden stretched itself. I could look over and across the screen on which were perched the musicians. Westminster Abbey is a home of the great dead, a palace of tombs and monuments. Not one was visible. The dead great were hidden by the splendid living.

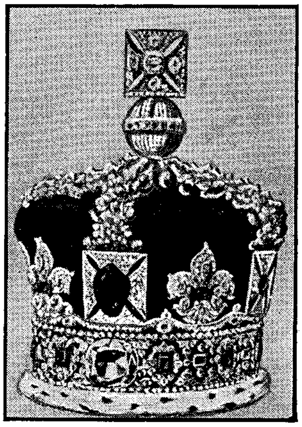
We had many hours to wait before the royal procession was to leave Buckingham Palace on its way through the crowded, flag-bedecked streets. But in the meantime there was procession upon procession, pageant upon pageant in the Abbey. Here a little procession of priests and choir-boys; there a company of mediæval Yeomen of the Guard, marching noiselessly to a given point over the blue carpet; again a group of Field Marshals, generals and admirals, the King's chief equerries, just arrived, and striding proudly to the seats, all gold and silver and swords and waving plumes; here a group of peeresses marshaled in by equally gorgeous officers, all of them fresh from their river pageant—an old method of transit to Westminster renewed for the occasion. How Pepys would have wallowed in the very thought of seeing these lords and ladies on his beloved river! At nine o'clock there came from behind the altar the first sign that the day's programme had begun. Two priests in red copes appeared. Then a great processional cross—the gift of an Abyssinian Ras—and following this a long double line of clergy, choir-boys. Behind these were the scholars of Westminster School, one of the ancient foundations whose boys have the prescriptive right to cheer in the Abbey; a privilege of which they availed themselves this day to the full. In the middle of this procession was the Dean of Westminster. He is a great personage. He is only a Dean, yet he makes no obeisance to any Bishop, and does not even place himself under the jurisdiction of his Grace of Canterbury. He is the only one of the old mitered abbots left in actual possession of an Abbey, and he reports direct to the King. It is fitting, therefore, that the Dean of Westminster should be a great man; and he is. The present Dean was, until a few months ago, the Bishop of Winchester, who is the senior bishop next to the primates. Yet Dr. Ryle exchanged his Bishop's see for the miter of the Abbot. For this Coronation Day he turned over his Abbey to the Earl Marshal, who in turn handed it over to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But even then the Dean shared with the Primate the principal honors of the Coronation.


THE IMPERIAL SCEPTER WITH THE FAMOUS CULLINAN DIAMOND

The little procession just emerged from behind the altar came out of St. Edward's Chapel. It carried the regalia—the two crowns, the orb, the scepter, the swords of state, the paten, the chalice, and the various other insignia of sovereignty. They were laid on the altar and presently taken off again to be carried solemnly to the western entrance, there to be handed over by the spiritual lords to the temporal lords whose duty it would soon be to carry these precious things before the King. Five silver trumpets blowing mellow-toned fanfares preceded the little procession—now joined by three bishops in golden copes—as it marched down the aisle.

Now came another little pageant full of animation and color, marking the entry of the foreign representatives. At their head walked the Crown Prince of Germany, slight, straight, fair-haired, blue-eyed—Prussian from his jack-boots to his silver helmet with the eagle a-top of it. Over his shoulders he carried, and with an undoubted swagger too, the blue mantle of a Knight of the Garter. He played his part well, as becomes the son of a picturesque Emperor. By his side was his wife, afire with jewels and orders. Behind them came Prince Fushimi of Japan with his princess, a stark contrast to the Imperial German couple; and the Austrian Grand Duke, just beginning to pride himself in a budding mustache. He was a poem in sky-blue and silver, and he, too, carried a Knight's robe; following came the Duke of Aosta, brother of Italy's King, a fine type of Savoyard; a Russian Grand Duke; a Chinese prince attended by a dignitary styled "Manchu Brigadier;" a Spanish prince; the Crown Princes of Sweden, of Denmark, of Belgium; the great bulky Prince Consort of the Netherlands, German written all over him; a coal-black Ethiopian from Abyssinia, barbaric in splendor, with an explosion of great green feathers from his headpiece; a host of republican envoys, those from South America leading the rest in point of bullion and tassels and silver braid; and finally Mr. John Hays Hammond, glaringly conspicuous, almost flaunting the simplicity of American official dress with his white shirt-front and absence of decoration. This procession was led up the aisle by the two pursuivants, Rouge Dragon and Portcullis, who might have come straight from the Field of the Cloth of Gold or stepped out of the tilting lists at Ashby de la Zouche or Poictiers. They heralded the great ones to their places in the choir-stalls, where, with a great rattling of sabers and handing up of long silken trains, they sat down and added another patch of color to the great Abbey. The scene was overpowering in its magnificence. Kipling says: "It's the color that gets into your throat." It was so here. You could not sit still undreaming. You were taken out of the world. You just sat up there in the triforium and looked at the most wonderful picture-book of life and history and saga that had ever been placed before human eyes; and you just sat there dreaming, dreaming and thinking. Down below there were the representatives of the world's power and the leaders of thought and action and force. Beneath them in their tombs thousands of England's heroes of a thousand battles, its kings and queens, its poets, its statesmen. Wherever you looked now you saw the people who are upholding the greatness of the British Empire. In a special place the chiefs of the great self-governing dominions. Here was democracy personified: Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a descendant of the French Huguenots who have become Canadian Britons; Lord Strathcona, once plain Donald Smith, pioneer and backwoodsman of the Hudson's Bay Company, now High Commissioner; General Botha, the Boer, and Dr. Jameson, the raider, now Sir Starr Jameson; Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand, erstwhile telegraph operator; and Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, who began life as a miner in Scotland. They too were decked out in a finery of silver and gold and scarlet, little different from the glory of the hereditary peers close by. There you saw a little brown woman in a thin veil, a magnificent crown on her head and a gorgeous British officer by her side. She is the Begum of Bhopal, an Indian ruler entitled to a salute of twelve guns from a British battery; and there you perceive Togo, the Japanese sea hero, swathed in decorations, conspicuous among them the coveted British Order of Merit, and beside him Nogi, the man who stormed and stormed and stormed Port Arthur, losing his two sons in the campaign; the Speaker of the House of Commons in his robes of sable and gold, which Velasquez would have loved to paint, and the great golden mace (which so troubled Cromwell that he cried, "Remove that bauble!") carried before him. "Honest John" Morley, now a Viscount—"Honest John," the republican, robed in silk and velvet and a page-boy carrying his coronet; another "Honest John," the

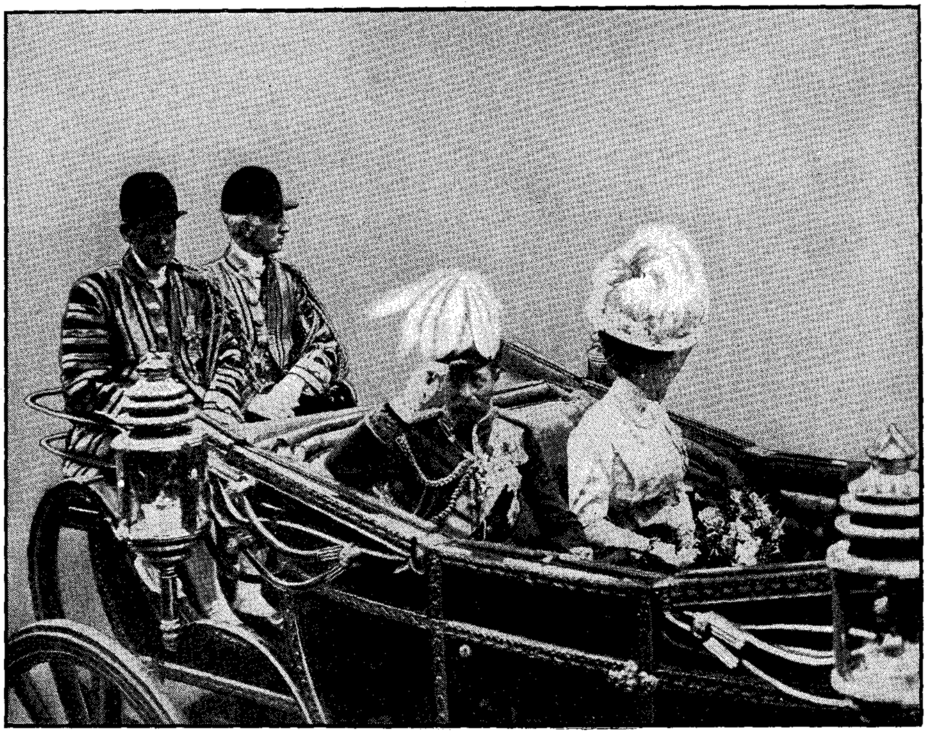

THE QUEEN'S NEW CROWN


THE KING'S IMPERIAL CROWN

Right Honorable John Burns, in silver-covered Privy Councilor's garb, all shimmering and beautiful, with his sturdy wife who keeps no servants sitting beside him with nodding white plume from her well-dressed hair—these two who are no longer the idols of the proletariat; the Earl Marshal, Duke of Norfolk, chief stage manager of the Coronation, with the blue ribbon of the Garter flung over his brilliant coat, a white ivory staff in his hand—this great Duke, who ordinarily looks like a bearded undertaker, but now shines like a blazoned butterfly; Madame Melba, a special guest; a posy of Indian princes in a delirium of colors and jewels; a box full of foreign officers attending their princes, making one wonder where all these medals can have come from; Sir Evelyn Wood, the ever-youthful Field Marshal, who twice won the Victoria Cross for bravery in wars half a century ago; Mr. Balfour and Mr. Kipling, the former in uniform, the latter grandly plain in morning dress, a singer of empire, looking on at the men and women from the Seven Seas gathered together as if to say in his own words:

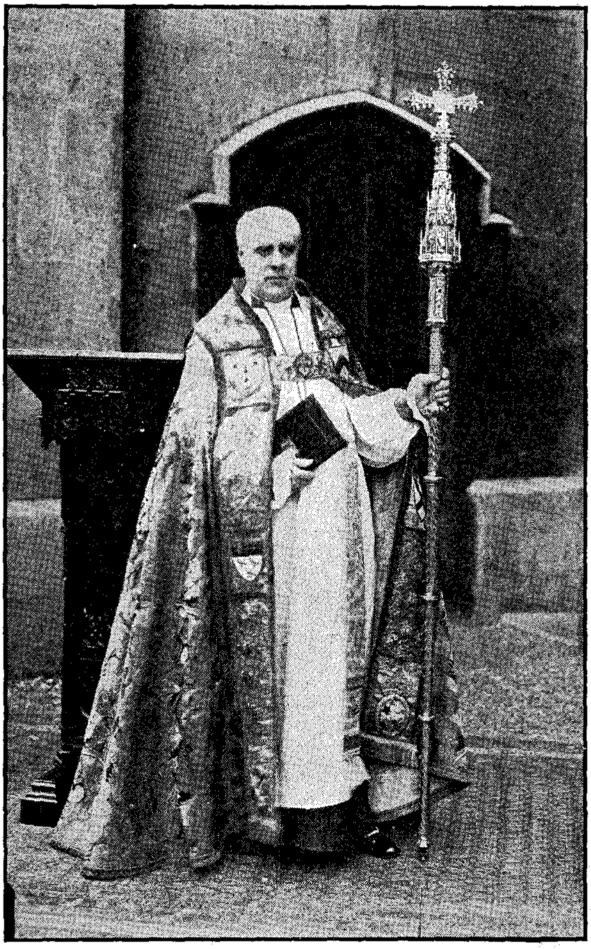
"Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the
 Lower Seas,
Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you
 on her knees!—
That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face—
Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for
 the Pride of the Race."

You were suddenly pulled out of dreamland by the sound of the silver trumpets announcing another pageant, and as you looked down the aisle you saw it approaching, led again by the heralds from the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It was the procession of the Royal Family, headed by the Prince of Wales. The Prince came upon the Abbey as a surprise. You had expected him—a mere child—to come in his familiar uniform of a naval cadet. But here came a Knight of the Garter in flowing robes, carrying his great plumed hat on his left arm, as did the Knights of old their helmets. He strode up with the majesty and pomp that belong to princes, no longer a child, but a young man, erect,



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE LONDON STREETS



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY IN HIS CORONATON ROBES

firm, blue-eyed. A lord carried his train, another his coronet. Behind the Prince came his brothers and sister, his aunts and cousins and relations, their trains covering the wide blue carpet as they swept to their places. It was a pretty picture. The colors changed from billow of silver to billow of gold, and from gold to silver again with tints of rose and blue.

In the meantime the "frozen music" of the walls and the pillars of the mystic old Abbey was enhanced by the living music of the orchestra and choir. The scene became more beautiful every minute. The ceaseless hum of whispered conversation seemed to add to the grandeur of the silence broken only by the low tones from the left. Presently all was silent; so silent that the six thousand people were as statues. From without came the sound of clanging bells and distant cheering like breakers on a far-off cliff. Then in a few minutes at the western entrance appeared a long double line of scarlet-coped clergy. Behind them the peers carrying the Regalia; the Duke of Devonshire, head of the Cavendishes, with a pillow on which rested the Queen's crown, the famous Kohinoor diamond sparkling in its top like a living thing; the King's standard-bearers, among them Lord Curzon, growing portly and middle-aged; Lord Aberdeen; and the O'Conor Don, an Irish descendant of kings; the King's Champion; the four Knights of the Garter in close attendance on his Majesty—Lords Rosebery, Crewe, Minto, and Cadogan —Lord Rosebery now metamorphosed into the picturesque Earl of Midlothian, his son-in-law Crewe, newly made a Marquis, Earl Minto, fresh from the Viceregal chair in India, and Earl Cadogan, the greatest ground landlord in London. Then more great officers of state, the Lords Chancellor of England and Ireland in sable and silver; the Prime Minister alone, having at last an official status, between the two Archbishops. Time was when the Prime Minister was officially non-existent. Disraeli, for instance, used to stand out and smilingly give place to the men of his own creation, saying, no doubt, to himself, as they preceded him, "I made all these." But six years ago Campbell-Bannerman, being only a Knight, decided to give himself a rank as Premier, and so he fixed the office indelibly in the future lists. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Randall Davidson, himself the son-in-law of an archbishop, and Cosmo Lang, Archbishop of York, were attired in golden copes with jeweled clasps. Canterbury is a courtier, popular, wise, conciliatory, with years of experience in the charmed circles of princes. York is a young man in the early forties, strong, firm, crafty—a mediæval bishop with the face of a militant churchman, a statesman and tactician only recently lifted, as if by an explosion, from the humble surroundings of an East End parish. He is a great man. If he had ived in Tudor days, he would have rivaled Wolsey. Then came the Lord Mayor with his mace—John Bull with a robe and chain, John Bull straight from the counting-house, John Bull soliciting orders. He held his mace apologetically, as if to conciliate the great assemblage for his intrusion here. Now, without break, came men with wands and maces and swords, until the middle of the Abbey surged and flashed and brimmed with luster and color beyond anything that we had yet seen. Lord Roberts carrying a sword of state; Lord Kitchener, the master mind of the military Empire; and the Duke of Beaufort, each holding swords of state. On came the cataract of red, green, blue, yellow, purple, scarlet, and white, controlled by a hand unseen, yet sure and irresistible.

And then—the Queen. She walked alone, or seemed to walk alone, for her long purple train reached many yards behind her. On each side of the train were four young girls in pure white, and at the end the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Devonshire, herself leading a long train held up in turn by a delightful page-boy in silks and satins and ruffles. On either side of the blue carpet walked five gentlemen-at-arms in scarlet tunics and waving white plumes. Close by, two bishops. In the center was the Queen, stately, dignified, head high. Her great robe was embroidered with the floral emblems of empire—the Rose, the Thistle, the Shamrock, the Wattle, the Maple Leaf, and so on. It was a floating vision of satin, pearl, and lace. It was like Keats's golden lilies scattered and gleaming on the surface of the lake of wine. And then followed a dazzling retinue of the women of the bedchamber, maids of honor, ladies-in-waiting, and peeresses, in such a glory of gold and cream and white that their mistress seemed to be borne forward in a sunset cloud.

The flashing wave of magnificence with the Queen at the head reached the central stage by the altar. The choir was singing softly, when suddenly, unexpectedly, came the swift, sharp, almost wolf-like shouts of the Westminster boys exercising their ancient privilege.

"Vivat!" they shouted, "Vivat Regina Mary! Vivat, Vivat, Vivat!" in a sharp, accentuated crescendo.

The shouts broke into the mid-symphony of music and pageant like claps of thunder and shafts of lightning. The Queen stopped for a second, and half turned. It held her as it did the other six thousand hearts in the gray old Abbey, unused to such interruption. Then the Queen and her retinue sat down and waited—the Queen taking her place on one of the minor thrones at the side—waited for the coming of the King.

Presently he came with his escort of knights and bishops and heralds, only more of them than before—Richmond herald, Rouge Croix, Bluemantle, Lyon, Ulster, Clarenceux, Norroy, and leading them Sir Arthur Scott-Gatty, the song-writer, metamorphosed into Garter King-of-Arms; all of them as if they had stepped out of their playing-cards or a Froissart volume, with tabards before them. The Lord Great Chamberlain, the High Constables of England and Scotland, dukes and marquises, bishops, prelates, a cyclorama of cloth of gold, and—the King. Again the Westminster boys shouted, "Vivat Rex Georgius! Vivat, Vivat, Vivat!" The music surged and the Sovereign walked forward in purple and ermine, the velvet cap of state on his head. He looked pale and solemn, glancing neither to the right nor left. The princes in the choir were on their feet, bowing low as he passed; the groups of great officers of state, the peers, the peeresses, the six thousand people, were bent in homage, and he walked slowly to his place to be received at the altar by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The long ceremony began. The Primate advanced to a corner of the choir, and, with the King behind him, facing the north, cried out in loud tones:

> Sirs: I here present unto you King George, the undoubted King of this realm. Therefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?

Swift came the response: "God save King George! God save King George!" It rolled through the length and breadth of the Abbey. Again the Archbishop advanced to the west corner, the King facing the west, and again the challenge and the wild shouted response. The east and the south were in turn called, and then the Litany ushered in the service. A long discourse by the Archbishop of York preceded the Coronation Oath, administered by the Primate, in which the King's responses were heard at a great distance. His voice was firm and clear, and you could hear every syllable. I pass over the order of the ritual, which has been fully described; how they vested the King with cloth of gold until he shimmered from head to foot; how they placed in his hands the various insignia of sovereignty—the orb, the scepters, one of them holding the great Cullinan diamond, as large as a bantam's egg; how the Lord Great Chamberlain touched his heels with the golden spurs and the four Garter Knights held over his head the golden canopy, while the Archbishop anointed him from the ancient spoon held by the Dean; how symbolism followed symbolism until came the supreme moment of the Coronation, when the Archbishop placed on the King's head the great glittering crown of St. Edward, whereat the Westminster boys again electrified the Abbey with the great cry: "Long live King George! Long Live King G-e-o-r-g-e!"

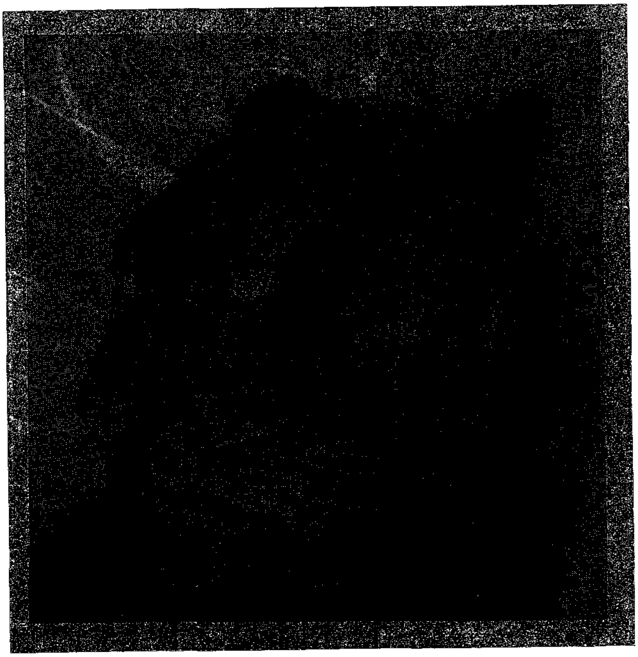
Anointed and crowned, vested in golden light, sceptered in the right hand and left, the King was taken from the Chair of Destiny to his blazoned throne on the dais to receive the homage. The Archbishop first. He knelt before his Sovereign, and then, rising, placed a finger on the crown and kissed the King on the left cheek. Then stepped forward the Prince of Wales. He swept aside his robes of the Garter as he came up the few steps before the Throne. He followed the prescribed order. He touched the crown and kissed the King's cheek and stepped back to retire. But the father reached out and drew his son to him and kissed him; and the boy, covered with confusion, bent down, kissed his father's hand, and retired hurriedly. Next the Duke of Connaught, King Edward's brother, did his homage as "the King's liege man of life and limb," and following him the seniors of the orders of the peerage, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Winchester, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Viscount of Hereford, and Baron Mowbray. They trace back their titles to the Middle Ages. The Duke of Norfolk represents the Howards, who became dukes nine years before America was discovered; a Paulet was Marquis of Winchester in 1551; a Chetwynd-Talbot became Earl of Shrewsbury in 1442; Robert Devereux was created Viscount Hereford in 1550; and a Stourton, as Lord Mowbray, graced the barony as long ago as 1283. There is an older barony, that of de Ros, but it is held by a woman.

The Queen's Coronation was short and simple, but exceedingly impressive. Instead of Knights of the Garter to hold the golden canopy for the anointing, there were four resplendent duchesses. The crown, with its flashing Kohinoor, was placed on her head, and as this was done all the peeresses in the Abbey put on their coronets. Then, returning from the altar, she passed the King, bowing low with womanly dignity, and ascended her throne beside the dais. The ceremony in the Abbey was over, and the priests and bishops took the royal couple back to St. Edward's Chapel, whence they emerged in half an hour with their crowns on their heads, their brilliant retinue following. The national anthem was played as they strode down the aisle, the Westminster boys cheered three times for the King, three times for the Queen, three times for the Prince of Wales. The six thousand princes, dukes, peers, peeresses, generals, admirals, and commoners rubbed their eyes and stretched their legs. The dream was over. Outside the bells clashed and clanged and sang. Cannon roared. Millions of voices took up the cry. The golden chariot wended its way through the lanes made by human beings roaring, shouting, and weeping. As I came out of the Abbey through the cloisters into Dean's Yard, an ancient quadrangle where the Middle Ages still live and where the silence of a bygone age hovered in the shades of the trees, a gold-maced beadle who had stood guard for hours approached me and asked anxiously, "Is it all over?"

JUNGLE NIGHTS

By PAUL BRANSOM

SUGGESTED BY KIPLING'S JUNGLE STORIES

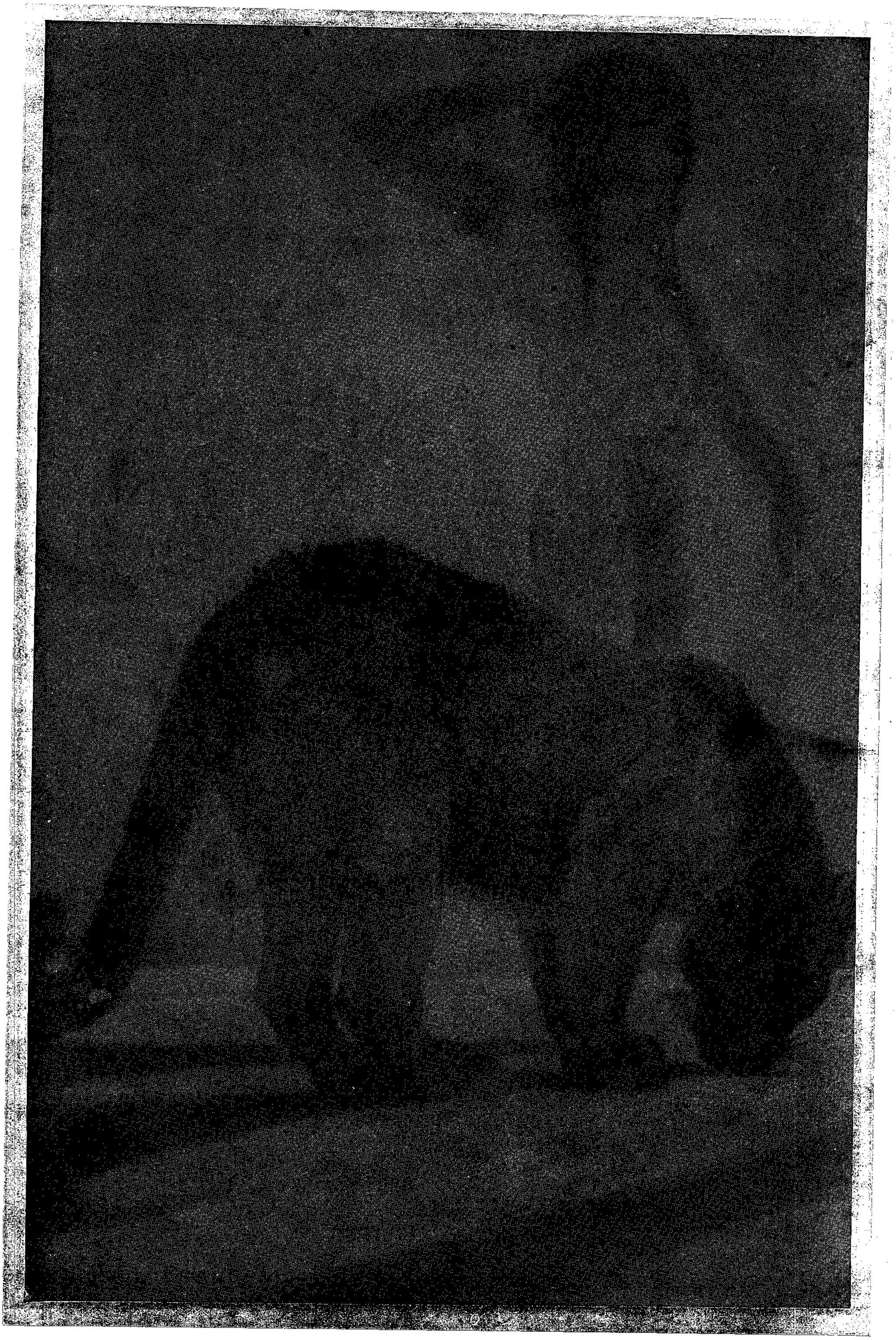


BAGHEERA

III

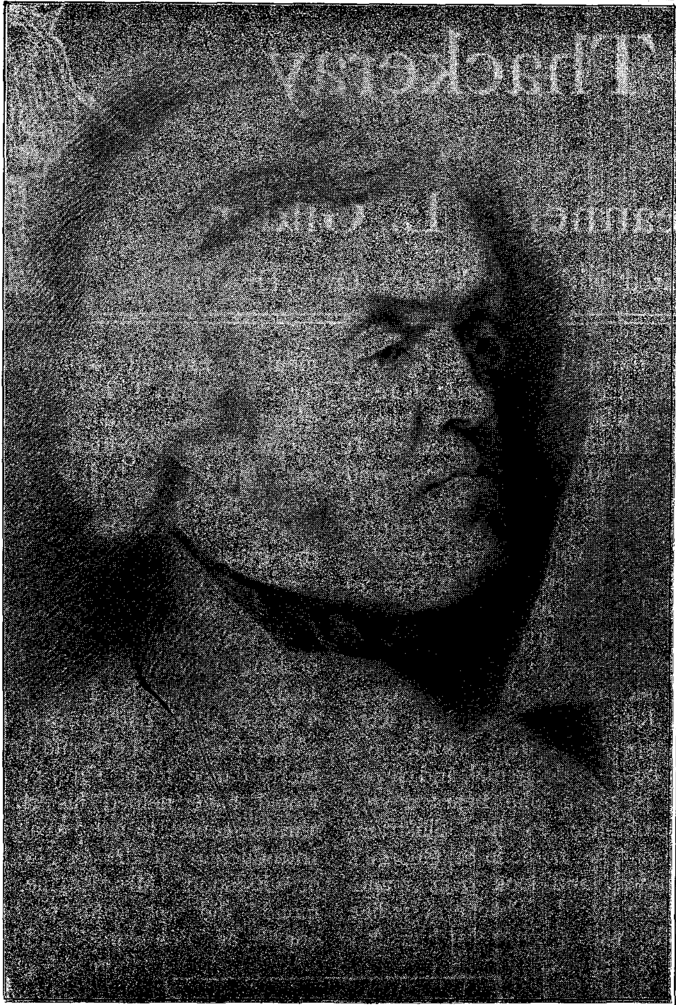
"GOOD HUNTING"

> "This is the hour of pride and power,
> Talon and tush and claw.
> Oh hear the call! Good hunting all
> That keep the Jungle Law!"
>
> —Kipling's "Night Song in the Jungle"



MOWGLI BAGHEERA

AND MANG THE BAT



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
DRAWN IN 1862
BY SAMUEL LAWRENCE

F O G

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER

Great-Hearted Thackeray

By

Jeannette L. Gilder

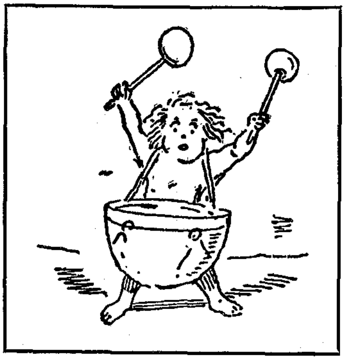
Illustrated with Thackeray's Own Drawings

OF all the authors whose books I have read and re-read, there is none whose personality means more to me than that of Thackeray. It is the man as well as the writer who arouses my admiration and love. If I should make a list of my lifelong friends, Thackeray's name would be very near the top; and yet I never met him face to face, though I might have if I had only been born a very little earlier. The nearest I ever came to knowing Thackeray was meeting his daughter Anne, now Lady Ritchie. She is just what one would expect and want Thackeray's daughter to be—gentle, genial, and clever. And, what is more, she bears a very strong resemblance to her illustrious father. To visit her home in St. George's Square, London, and look over manuscripts and drawings by Thackeray, is like spending a day with the novelist himself.

Although I may say emphatically that Thackeray is my favorite novelist, there are only three of his books that I care very much for. These are "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes." The others I like, of course, but I don't re-read them. "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair" I suppose I have read nearly a dozen times each. "The Newcomes" not so often, but always with keen enjoyment. "Esmond"—pronounced by better critics than I, not only Thackeray's greatest novel, but one of the greatest novels ever written—I enjoyed reading; but I don't feel about it as does a writer in a recent number of the "Century," who describes it as "probably the greatest historical romance in our tongue." Perhaps the reason that I don't care so much for "Esmond" is that I don't care for the hero himself, and I see nothing romantic in his marriage with Lady Castlewood. I should have liked it better if he had married Beatrix, with all her faults. She would have led him a merry dance, to be sure, but I think that would have helped his character. He always seemed to me a weakling. In her Introduction to the biographical edition of "Esmond" Mrs. Ritchie says: "'Esmond' did not seem to be a part of our life as 'Pendennis' had been." And then she goes on to say that, although she had seen the manuscript as it was written by Mr. Crowe to dictation, and also—

> with pages in our own youthful handwriting, I cannot remember either the writing or the dictating, nor even hearing "Esmond" spoken of except very rarely.

The people of "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair" are real people to me, and they were real people to Thackeray, and



MR. THACKERAY REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF MR. AND MRS. SARTORIS'S COMPANY TO A LITTLE DRUM ON TUESDAY, JULY 18 to his children, and to his friends. Lady Ritchie thinks that, although "Vanity Fair" was written in 1845 and the following years, it was "really begun in 1817, when the little boy, so lately come from India, found himself shut in behind those filigree iron gates in Chiswick, of which he writes when he describes Miss Pinkerton's establishment." To be sure, it was a man who presided over the Chiswick school that Thackeray attended, but he probably had some of the same characteristics as the lady at whom Becky Sharp threw the dictionary.

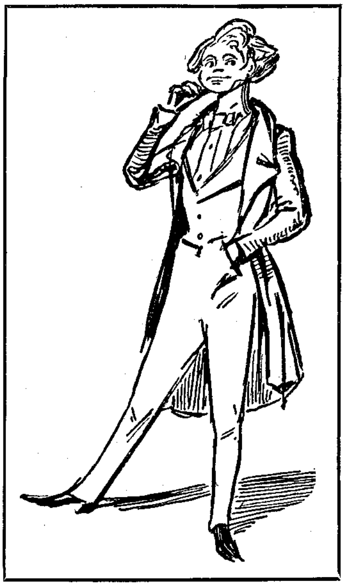
When "Vanity Fair" was first published, it was issued in parts, a fashion in those days, and it was received with so little enthusiasm that its publishers thought very seriously of discontinuing it, but "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" attracted attention to the author, and that attracted attention to his novel, and when people really began to read it they took hold in earnest, and before it was published in book form it was a pronounced success.

In walking about London with his children Thackeray would point out to them the houses where certain of his characters lived, and he seemed to have seen them living in those places. In talking about his characters he never admitted that they were drawn from life, except perhaps in the one instance of Sir Pitt Crawley. When some one objected to that doughty knight as being impossible, Thackeray is quoted as saying that he was absolutely drawn from real life. It is generally supposed that the Marquis of Steyne was a real character. There was a mysterious little lady, dressed in black silk, who stopped at Thackeray's door one day and gave him a bunch of violets. When asked if she was not the original of Becky Sharp, the novelist only shook his head and smiled; he did not say that she was or was not; Becky certainly could have been, and very possibly was, a real person as well as a type.

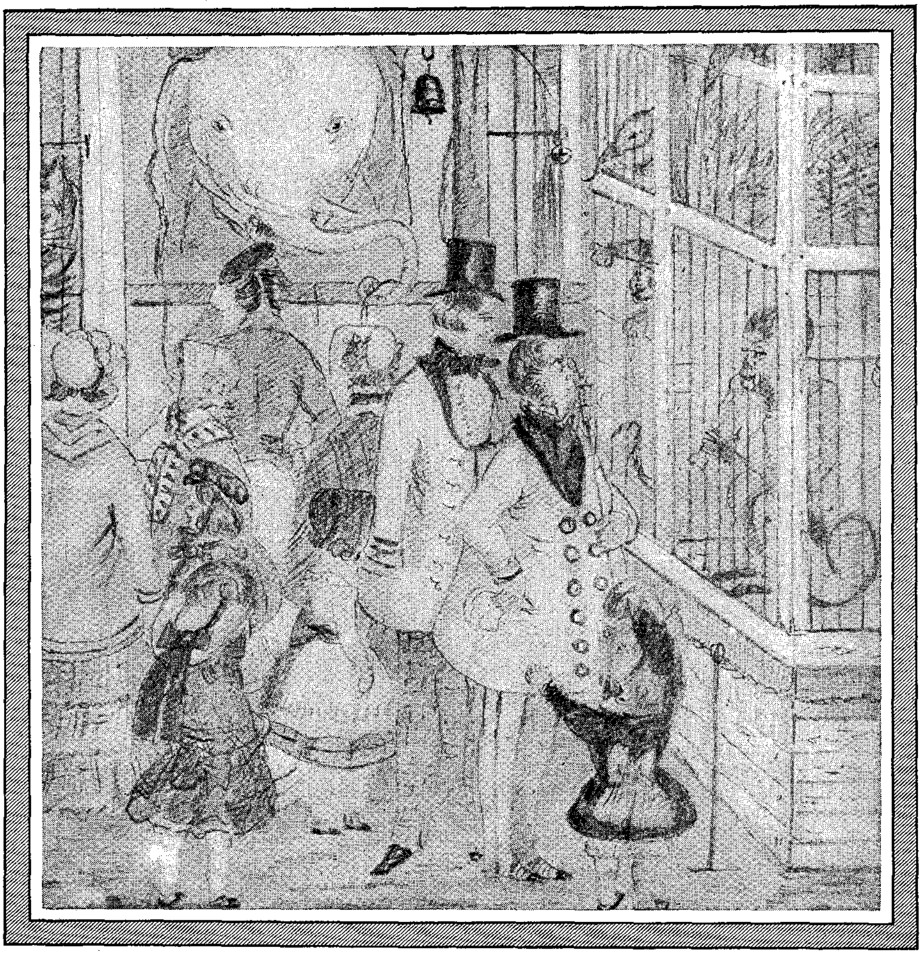
"Pendennis," according to Lady Ritchie, was Charles Lamb Kenny. In the biographical Introduction she says:

> Nor must I forget to mention a visitor who used to come to Kensington in the very early days of Pendennis. He was a rather short, good-looking young man with a fair, placid face. It was summer-time and we dined at some early hour, and one day after dinner, by daylight still, my father pulled out his sketch-book and began to make a drawing of his guest. This was a young literary man just beginning his career; his name was Charles Lamb Kenny, and we were told that he was to be the hero of the new book, or rather that the hero was to look like Mr. Kenny. Costigan came to life by, as we know from "The Roundabout Papers" which describe him, walking straight out of the book into Evans's one evening; and it would not be difficult to follow vague associations between Shandon in the fleet and Dr. McGinn."

Thackeray was born in India, July 18, 1811. Judging by a picture of Richmond Thackeray, his wife and child, the latter at three years of age, I should say that the novelist got his long legs from his father. The legs may be exaggerated, but there are those who say that Thackeray in the flesh did not look as long-legged as he is made to look in Boehm's statuette. Still he was a tall man, and, as every one's recollection of him is that he had long legs, he certainly must have given that impression, for in the portrait from memory by Millais he is represented as having as long legs as in the Boehm statuette.


THACKERAY, BY HIMSELF

There have been all sorts of stories as to how Thackeray came by his broken nose—a recent one, that it was purposely broken by a bully at Charter House—but Lady Ritchie, who ought to know, says that it was broken by his friend Venables in a friendly trial of strength. I believe that it was re-broken by a brute of a school-boy, but Venables, much to his chagrin, was the first



FROM THE CHALONER-SMITH COLLECTION. LENT BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN, ESQ.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED CARICATURE OF THACKERAY BY HIMSELF

On the back of the original is written: "'An unpleasant likeness.' Child loq., 'Oh, Papa! How like that monkey is to you!' Papa loq., 'My dear! Don't talk so loud when you come to public places!'"

offender. This broken nose is not observable in the bust of Thackeray as a small boy that stands in the library in St. George's Square.

How Thackeray ever got the reputation of being a cynic and a snob is beyond my powers of discovery. If ever a writer showed his geniality in his pages, it is he. I can't, for the life of me, find a touch of cynicism anywhere about him. His books and his letters all show a kindliness and a humanity that do not go with the character of a cynic, nor do I find any trace of the snob. Those who met him when he was in this country can vouch for his kindliness and amiability. He did not criticise us, as did Dickens, though he might justly have done so. His letters written to American friends after his return to England show his feeling toward us, and also show the warmth of his friendships. In "Thackeray in the United States,"[1] by James Grant Wilson, from which I have been permitted to take some illustrations for this article, there are many letters showing, not only Thackeray's feeling toward his American friends, but theirs toward him. The people who knew him loved him, and the friends that he made were lifelong friends. It would have been just the same if he had not been a famous author; it was the man that they loved, and some of the closest friendships

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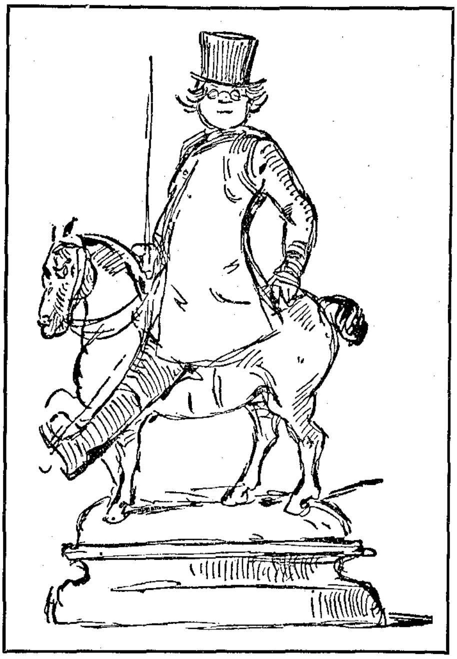
[1] Dodd, Mead & Co.



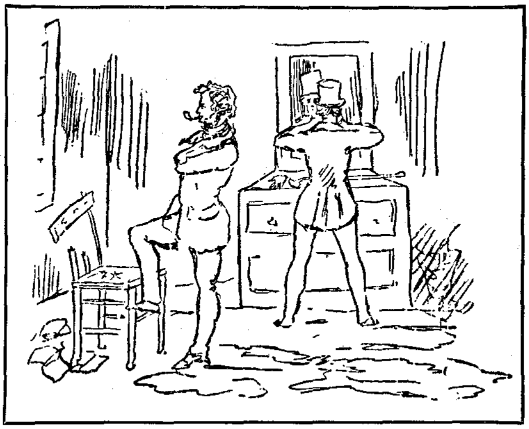
THACKERAY—DRAWN BY HIMSELF

of his life were formed on this side of the water. The house on Second Avenue where Thackeray's friends the Baxters lived has gone the way of most New York houses, and so has the old Clarendon Hotel that stood at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, where he stopped when he was in this country.

It was Thackeray's first intention to be an artist rather than a writer, and he studied drawing in Paris with that end in view. He also studied in Germany, and he was forever making sketches—thousands of them. He never wrote a letter without illustrating it. I doubt if he ever saw the back of a used envelope that he did not scribble a sketch upon its unstamped side. He, as is well known, wanted to illustrate some of Dickens's novels, but his suggestions to do so were not favorably received, so he decided that if he could not illustrate books he would write them. Thus we have Dickens to thank for "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," and the rest of them. While Dickens may not have wanted Thackeray as his illustrator, we cannot be too thankful that Thackeray illustrated his own novels, for no one else could have caught his characterization as he did. Other artists have illustrated some of his stories, and famous artists at that, but they do not give us the characteristics of his people as he has himself, and I would not give one of Thackeray's portraits of Becky Sharp, or of Amelia, or of Dobbin, for any the best illustrators have done.

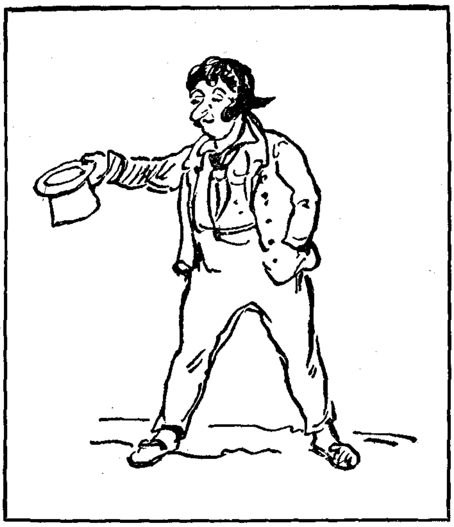
Thackeray came to the United States on a lecture tour, and it speaks well for us that he made money. From Buffalo, December 29, 1852, he wrote to his mother, in a letter quoted in the current "Century Magazine:"

> If my health holds out I must go on money-grubbing for some months to come. They have paid me nearly 1600£ in 2 months of wh. I have spent 200 in traveling—it is awfully dear work—next month will be another profitable month—afterwards in the South not so much profit but more pleasure for February & March—afterwards profit again & afterwards—Oh ye Gods, won't I be glad to come back leaving 500£ a year behind me (invested) in this country! Then grim death will not look so grim. Then the girls will have something to live upon or to bestow upon the objects of their young affections—then, when the house is paid for, we may live and take things easily—then, when I have written 2 more novels, for wh. I shall get 500£ apiece—why, then, at 50, I shall be as I was at 21. You will be only a young person of 69 then, and will look after your great grandchildren. I used you know to hanker after parliament, police magistracies & so forth—but no occupation I can devise is so profitable as that wh. I have at my hand in that old ink-stand.

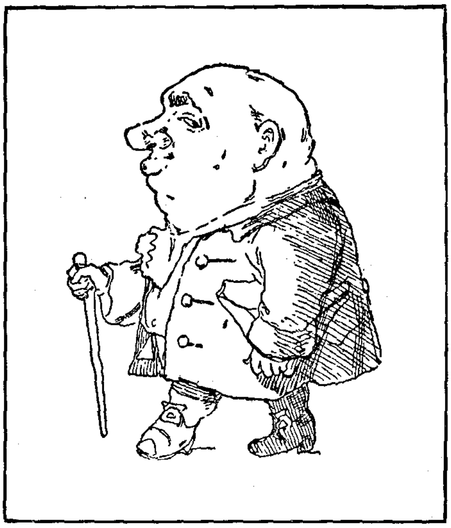


WARRINGTON AND PENDENNIS

His health did hold out, I am happy to say, though he was never a strong man.

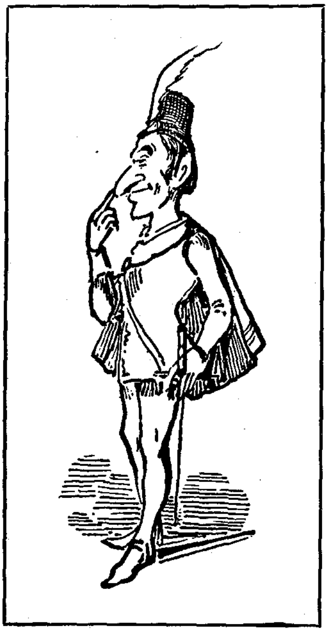


BRAHAM, THE SINGER



CONSCIOUS DIGNITY

He was subject to attacks of illness, and it was one of these that carried him off in his prime. In a book long since out of print, "Thackeray the Humorist and the Man of Letters," I find this account of his last days:



LORD LOLLYPOP

> He was congratulating himself, just before his death, on the failure of his old enemy to return, and then he checked himself, as if he ought not to be too sure of a release from his plague. On the morning of Wednesday, the 23d of December, the complaint returned, and he was in great suffering all day. He was no better in the evening, and his valet, Charles Sargent, left him at eleven o'clock on Wednesday night, Mr. Thackeray wishing him "Good-night" as he went out of the room. At nine o'clock on the following morning the valet, entering his master's chamber as usual, found him lying on his back quite still, with his arms spread over the coverlet, but he took no notice, as he was accustomed to see his master thus after one of his stomach attacks. He brought some coffee and set it down beside the bed, and it was only when he returned after an interval and found that the cup had not been tasted, that a sudden alarm seized him, and he discovered that his master was dead. About midnight Mr. Thackeray's mother, who slept overhead, had heard him get up and walk about his room; but she was not alarmed, as this was a habit of her son when unwell. It is supposed that he had, in fact, been seized at this time, and that the violence of the attack had brought on the effusion on the brain which, as the post-mortem examination showed, was the immediate cause of death. His medical attendants attributed his death to effusion on the brain, and added that he had a very large brain, weighing no less than fifty-eight and one-half ounces. He thus died of the complaint which seemed to trouble him least.

And thus passed away one of England's greatest writers, certainly her greatest novelist. He was buried in Kensal Green, and all of the famous men of letters of his time, including Browning, Dickens, Trollope, Mark Lemon, with fifteen hundred others less well known, stood with bowed heads at his grave.

Thackeray was a big man in every sense; big in size, big in brain, and big in heart.

The Labor Temple

A Concrete Attempt to Get at the Downtown Problem of the Church

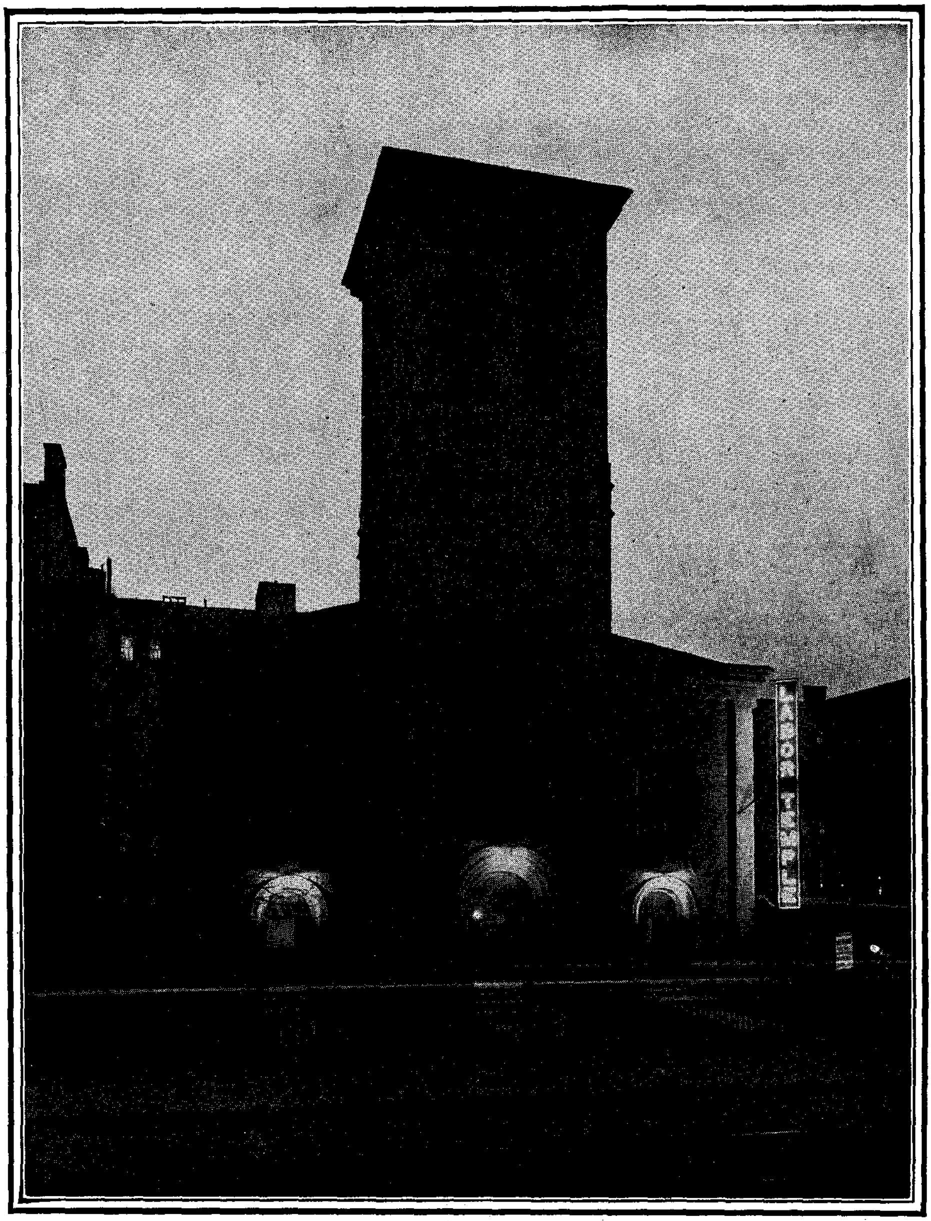
By Charles Stelzle

THE Labor Temple is a definite attempt to demonstrate what the Church may do in a very difficult field. It is situated at the most strategic point in New York City for such an experiment. Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, where this enterprise is located, is the junction point of the East Side's most popular thoroughfares. At certain hours of the day there pass by this corner—on sidewalk and in street car—fully one thousand persons every minute. There are only about a hundred cities in the United States which have a population greater than the number of persons who pass this corner during such an hour. Like a great army they pass in the morning as they go to their work, and then again at night as they return to their homes. A third time thousands pour by on their way to the near-by theaters or as they promenade on the avenue, and once more they wearily return at a late hour in the night.

The neighborhood has undergone a very rapid change. Not many years ago it was one of the most fashionable districts in New York. Gramercy Park, within three blocks, where Samuel J. Tilden lived, is still the home of some well-known New York families, and close by are some of the exclusive clubs of the city. Theodore Roosevelt was born within half a dozen squares of the Temple. Fourteenth Street at this point seems to be an abrupt dividing line between the masses living in the big tenements and the more favored ones who can afford the greater seclusiveness of the club and the "private house"—which, in the language of the East Side, is a house whose front door is always kept locked. Within a short distance there are twenty hospitals, with nearly one thousand nurses and over three thousand patients.

One block from the Labor Temple is the center of the great downtown amusement district of the people. A dozen or more theaters and motion picture shows entertain thousands every night, and on Sunday afternoon and evening there are still greater crowds. Until long after midnight Fourteenth Street is a blaze of light, rivaling the day for brightness. The saloons, several of them owned by famous sporting men and largely patronized by sailors, are always crowded to the

A TYPICAL SHOPPING CROWD NEAR THE LABOR TEMPLE



THE LABOR TEMPLE

doors. Here, too, is the "red-light" district—apparently transferred from uptown. The Temple is in the midst of it. Then there are the dance-halls—often hotbeds of vice and obscenity. There is a cheap Bohemia throughout the district, which is very attractive to the young people who have been engaged all day at hard work in the store and factory. This is not a "slum" district—the residents in the tenements are respectable people; it is a neighborhood composed of honest, hard-working men and women, who are as human as the rest of the world, but with all the frailties of mankind in the midst of strong, constant temptation. Just beyond Broadway, and within a few minutes' walking distance, are the great stores and factories, which employ hundreds of thousands of young girls as saleswomen, shirt-waist makers, and operatives in the clothing industry.

To the south and east lie the almost staggering tenement districts—the most congested section of the world. Within the Labor Temple's parish of about a mile square there are approximately four hundred thousand people living. There are twenty-seven blocks each having between three and four thousand inhabitants; five have between four and five thousand, and one block has over five thousand. There is another block which has a density of 1,434 persons per acre. And what a babel of tongues! Every country in the world is represented in this unique parish. Originally there were English and Scotch and Irish. Then came the Germans. But there has been a steady procession of races, until to-day the Russians, Hungarians, Italians, and Poles predominate. Most of these, however, are Jews, which decidedly complicates the situation so far as the Protestant Church is concerned.

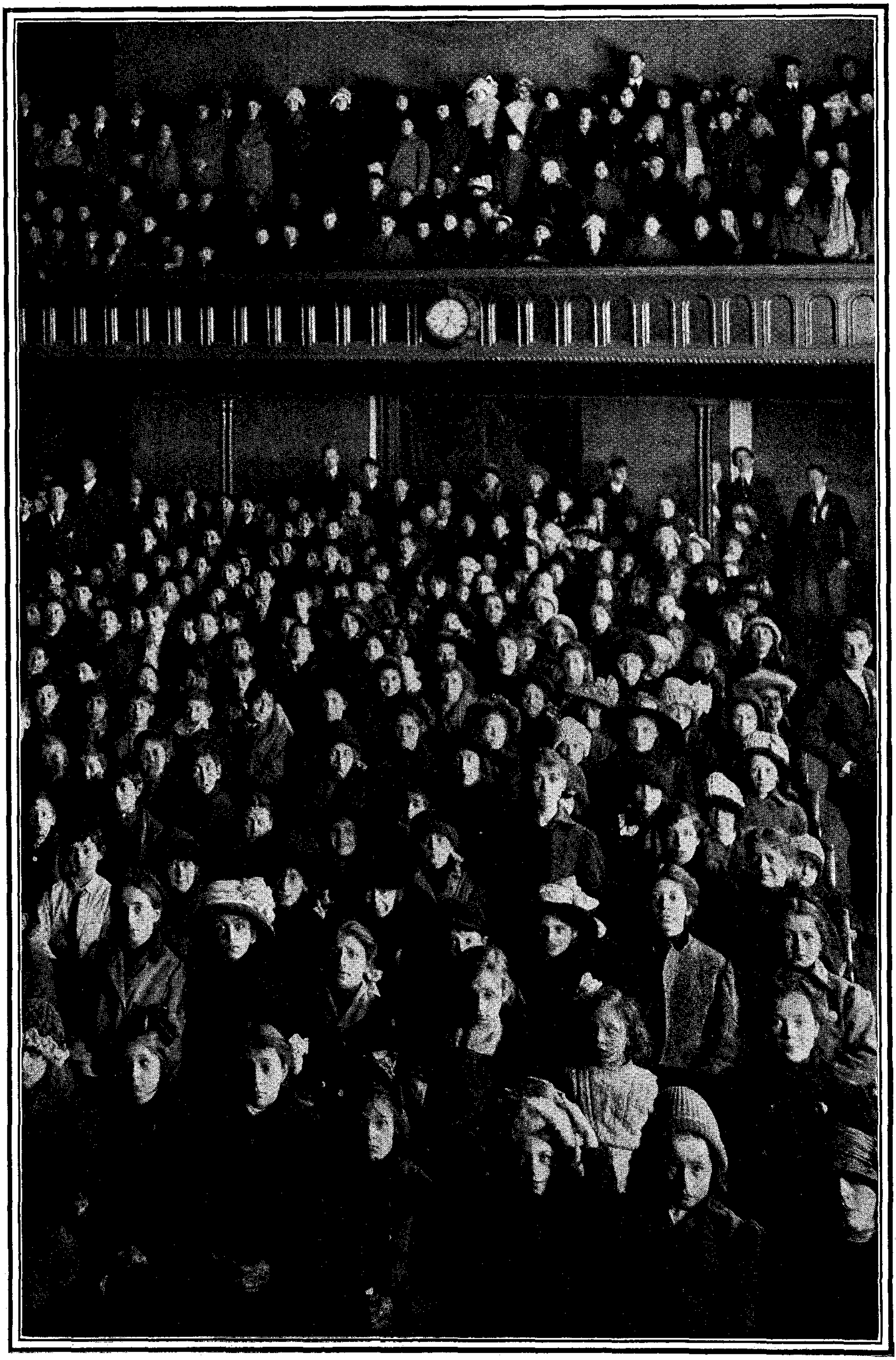
The children present an important problem. There are swarms of them. The street is their principal playground. This would not be so bad were it not for the fact that their play is not properly directed. The result is that many of them are arrested for "crimes" which grow out of a perfectly normal desire for amusement. Over fourteen hundred children were arrested in our parish in one year—about one-half of them for "disorderly conduct." The native-born children of foreign-born parents are the greatest "offenders;" the parents are too busy earning a living for the family, and they are often too ignorant of New York's temptations, to care properly for their children.

But the problem which stands out above every other is the industrial situation—the question of getting a living. That's why Socialism is so strong. Every summer night open-air meetings are conducted upon the street corners, and during the winter season the Socialists hold their mass-meetings in near-by halls. The Temple does not evade this issue. Without committing itself or the Church to any particular economic system, it sympathetically talks out with interested audiences the questions that perplex the workers.

This has been called "the most difficult field in America," and for this reason it was selected, because it was desired to make a demonstration of what the Church may do in such a community. Naturally, the methods must be different from those employed in the family church. The situation demands an unusual programme. But here's the point: the Church has confessed that it has practically failed in securing the attention of the people—the churches have either moved out or else they are steadily losing their influence. We are trying to meet this terribly serious situation—and we use the word "terribly" advisedly. It is just that. Dwight L. Moody tried fifteen years ago to fill the old church in which the Labor Temple is now located. For a month he preached as only he could, but never once was the church full. To-day the situation is far more difficult.

Our success thus far seems to indicate that we have struck upon the right principle. We are getting the people. We are winning their friendship. We are breaking down long-time prejudices against the Church. We are showing Jew and Catholic, Protestant and Agnostic, just what practical Christianity means—that it's a thing which must touch them at every point in their lives seven days in the week. While we are interested in social and economic problems, we would be untrue to God and to the people were we to evade or omit the distinctively spiritual aspects of life. We discuss religious questions without apology. Our people appreciate our frankness. Men and women are getting a new conception of the significance of the old Gospel. They are being drawn nearer to God. The letters that come to us prove that this is so. We are wearing out the old pews. The carpet is done for. The furnaces are beyond repair. They were old when we came in. The building is far too small. It was never designed for the work that we are carrying on. This work has been accomplished in the face of opposition—mostly from church people, however—and with the severest limitations in physical equipment.

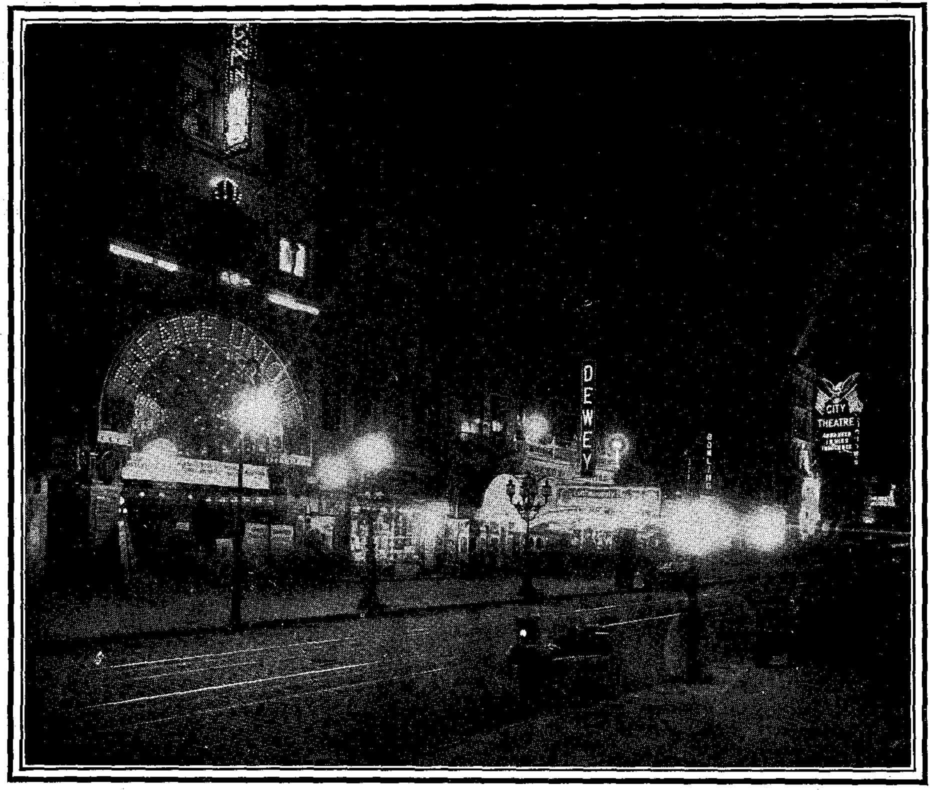
The Labor Temple would scarcely be called an institutional church. While there are thirty meetings a week, they are mostly inspirational. There are quite a good



A CHILDREN'S MEETING AT THE LABOR TEMPLE many clubs, but they are not the kind that one finds in the ordinary church. They are more nearly like those in the average settlement. It is not so much the methods that have won out as it is the spirit of the leaders and the general atmosphere of the meetings. There is the utmost freedom in discussion even in the religious meetings. The spirit of democracy is strongly developed. There is no patronage or paternalism. The word "mission" is never mentioned, because it isn't a mission. Each organization is given the greatest autonomy in its government. Each pays a small sum for the use of the meeting-room, even the groups of smaller boys and girls. They like it. It makes them more independent and gives them greater interest. A weekly "Bulletin" is published, and in a free and familiar manner the work is discussed with the people. On the last page of this publication there is always a brief "sermon." This is regularly sent to a carefully culled mailing list of people in the parish who have expressed a desire to receive it. The "Bulletin" has been of great value in making friends for the Temple. There is no church membership in the Temple, but a Fellowship has been organized which is open to "all who share the purpose of Jesus, and seek to bring in the kingdom of God." Within a month after this Fellowship was organized one hundred and fifty persons united with it. The Fellowship elects its own officers and committees and is directly interested in the religious work of the Temple.

The main auditorium is open every night in the week during the winter season, but on Sunday there is a continuous programme from 2:30 till 10. At 2:30 there is a Children's Hour and an Adult Bible Class. An hour later the Sunday-school meets, and at the same hour there is an organ recital in the auditorium. This is usually followed by a dramatic recital, when some of the masterpieces in literature are presented, or else there is an hour of vocal or instrumental music. At five o'clock carefully censored motion pictures are shown, the purpose being to teach a strong moral lesson. At six about one hundred Temple helpers—members of choir, student workers, ushers, club leaders, Sunday-school teachers, and the Temple staff—sit down to a simple luncheon, and often there is a brief inspirational address by a prominent out-of-town guest. Meanwhile, other members of the choir are gathering, and at seven there begins an intense half-hour rehearsal, so that when the regular evening song service begins at 7:30 the nearly one hundred singers are finely keyed up to their work. The auditorium is always full on Sunday night—often we turn people away as early as eight o'clock. The sermon is thoroughly evangelical, and is a straight appeal to the hearts of men. Each succeeding Sunday seems to be the "best" Sunday, for each day brings its own peculiar encouragement and inspiration. This strenuous programme has been adopted because it is aimed to reach the crowds of people that are constantly passing by the door, going to the wide-open theaters a block away. The more quiet, though thoroughly alive, features of the Temple on Sunday afternoons and evenings appeal to large numbers after they have come to know about them. The crowds are attracted by means of four large electric-lighted bulletin boards and a big electric sign which extends clear to the top of the building. The lighting effect is fully as ambitious as that of the average theater. It is really necessary to put up "an electric light front."

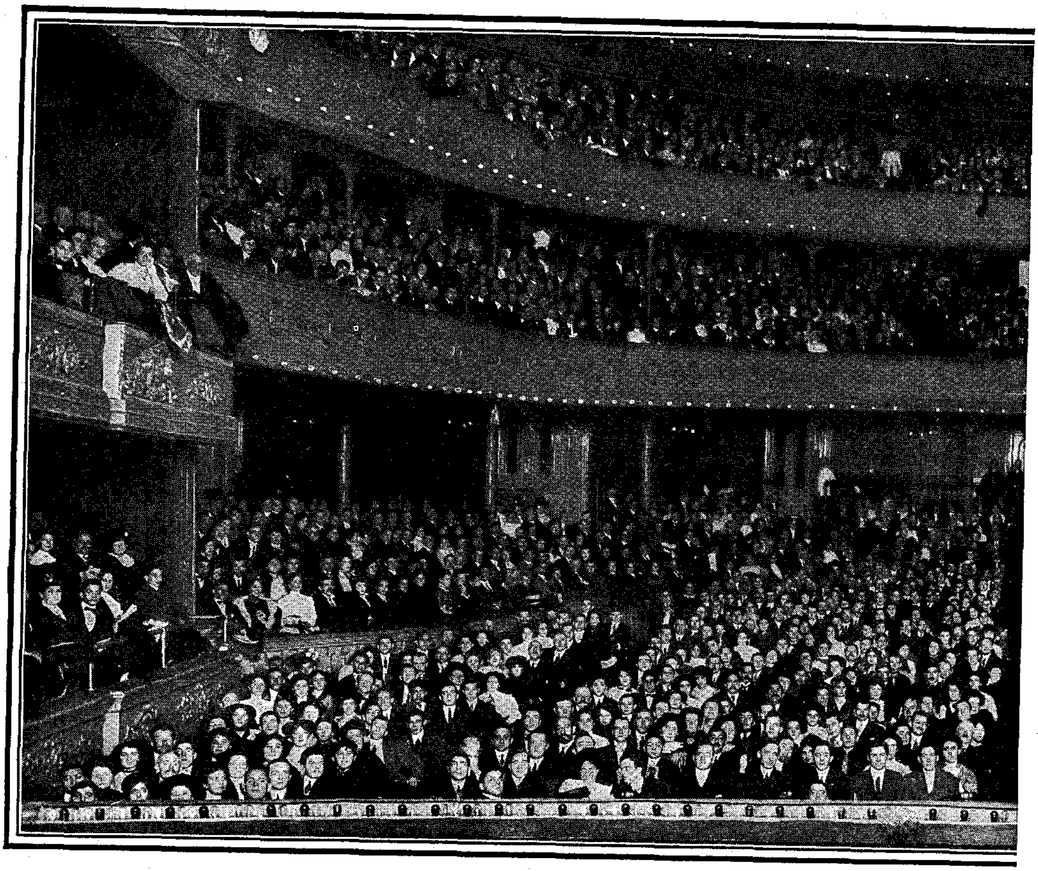
The Open Forum on Tuesday nights for the discussion of social problems has become a well-known feature. Here some of the leaders of social thought discuss the important problems of the day, after which the audience gets a chance at them—and woe betide the insincere or shallow advocate! The audience soon finds him out. Usually, no matter who the speaker may be, the crowd evens up the argument by presenting the other side; there's always sure to be an expert ready to take another view. While not on the regular schedule of meetings, there is a permanent engagement at the Temple at six o'clock every Tuesday night during the school year. At this time about twenty student workers from Union Theological Seminary and the Bible Teachers' Training School have a supper and conference hour, when they report upon their work, and when the principles involved are frankly discussed. This is one of the most profitable meetings of the week—profitable to the students as well as to the Temple. Just previous to this meeting there is a conference of the regular Temple staff. Friday is "religious night" at the Temple. This is the evening set apart for the discussion of distinctively religious themes. Perhaps most people would call it "prayer-meeting night." But the occasions in the Temple when religious themes are discussed on a week night are different from those in most other churches—there's "something doing all the time." The discussions are not held in a small room back in the chapel; they are so important and so popular that we are compelled to use the largest room available. Ordinarily on Friday nights a speaker of some prominence gives an address of half an hour or more, which is always followed by a discussion of nearly an hour. The remarkable thing about practically every meeting at the Temple is that we find it necessary to close while there are still many people eager to ask questions and take part in the discussion. There is no need to urge the people to "improve the time."



THE LABOR TEMPLE DRAWS BIG CROWDS, IN SPITE OF SUCH COUNTER-ATTRACTIONS AS THESE ON THE NEXT BLOCK

Permit me to tell of one Friday night's proceedings. On this particular night there was no regularly appointed speaker. The subject announced was "My Religion and Why I Believe in It." It was understood that anybody in the audience might say anything that he desired, provided that he discussed his personal convictions regarding his religious belief. There were about two hundred and fifty men present and a dozen women. Half of these were Jews.

The first one who spoke was a Jew who had become a Unitarian. He had been won by the character and the life of Christ. The second was also a Jew, but a Socialist. He told how he had been taught "religion" by his Russian mother, but that he had since studied other



A TYPICAL AUDIENCE AT

On other nights you will see the same

religions. His religion now was "the religion of the twentieth century."

"I am the product of the twentieth century—man is my God," he said. "Love is God," he continued, "shown by mercy and kindness."

Then followed a man who said that he was a Quaker by training, but that he now believed in the religion of "mind." He did not know where he came from, nor did he know where he was going, but he felt sure that the same Power that brought him into being would take care of his destiny. He concluded by saying, "The way to be happy is to make other people happy."

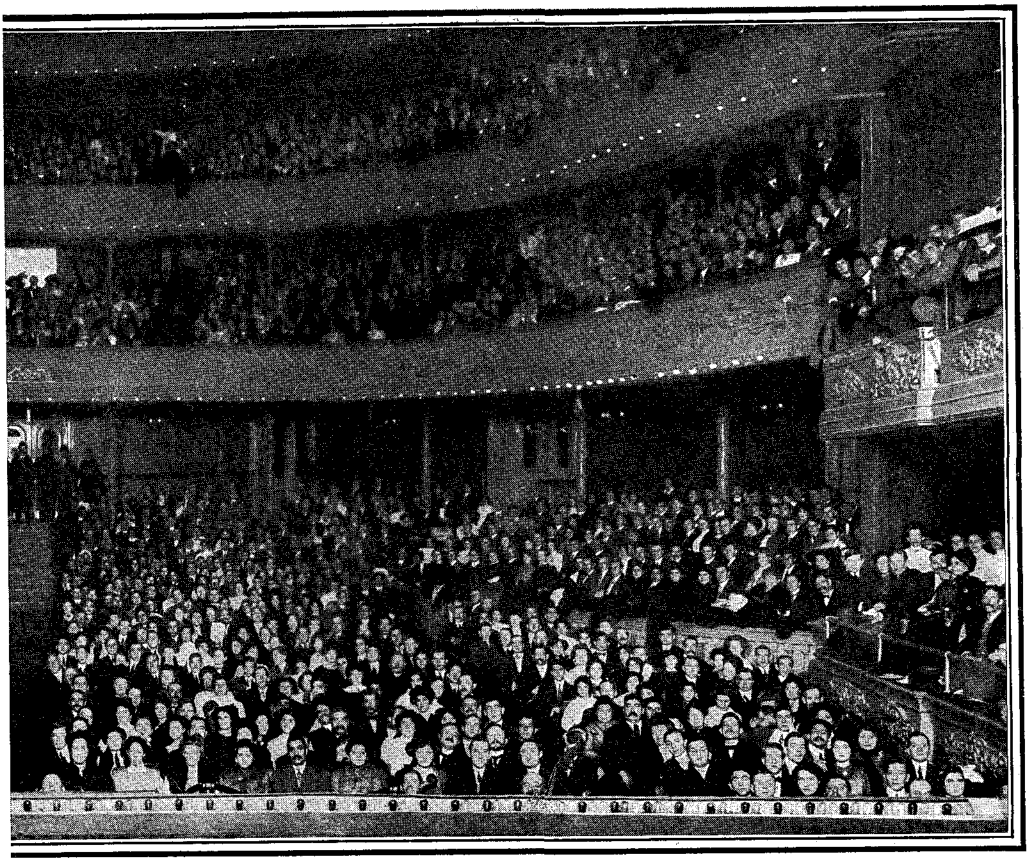
"Do good and help your neighbor, and consider all others as brothers, is my religion," said a plain-looking workingman.

"I believe in a humanitarian religion," said another. "It is all summed up in this—do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God."

A Roman Catholic gave an earnest testimony to the power of his religion, adding that while we may disagree on dogma, we may still get together in the broader matters of religion.

At least a dozen strong, clearly stated three-minute speeches were made by Protestant workingmen who had known Christ's power in their lives. They told of better things than mere negative morality, of victory over sin, of a new-found joy in the Christian life. In nearly every case these latter remarks were greeted with applause. It was quite evident that the crowd was most deeply impressed by this positive note of assurance.

The spirit of tolerance manifested throughout the discussion was remarkable. Whatever the religion or the philosophy advocated, every man who spoke seemed to be earnestly seeking the truth, and this made the entire discussion hopeful. Many of the speakers quoted



THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC
people at the Labor Temple near by

the text which is painted across the front of the Temple, just above the platform: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." A striking indication of the tendency of the Jews who come to the Temple is seen in the fact that not one spoke in favor of the Jewish religion, although fully half of those who had a part in the meeting were born in this faith.

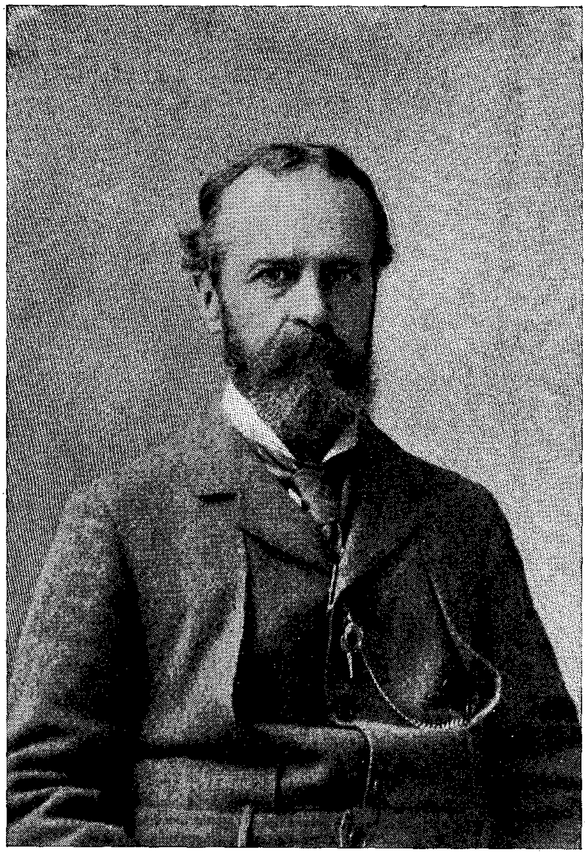
There is a tremendous hunger on the East Side for real religion. Nowhere else in all the world is there so much striving after the higher things as here, and nowhere else is it so hard to satisfy this hunger. If the Sunday night audiences—or any other, for that matter—do not like what is being said, they walk out. But if they enjoy it—if it grips them—they will quickly applaud; even the prayers are applauded. "Shocking," you say? But this is their way of saying "Amen," and they mean it, too. It isn't merely a matter of form.

Under normal circumstances, the success of a movement undertaken by a religious society is manifested by the organization of a church which becomes stronger as the years advance until it finally reaches self-support, meanwhile becoming a "fountain of beneficence" to the people in still other localities. But this is not the only criterion of success in religious work. There are vast areas of influence which are not shown by statistics—not even the statistics of church membership. The Church is simply a means to an end, and not an end in itself. It must be apparent that in work among exceptional populations we should talk less about building up the church and more about building up the people. This is particularly true in connection with enterprises which are established among people who have a strong prejudice against the Church. After all, it is not of prime importance that there should be organized one more church of a particular denomination with a membership of a few hundred—provided that the work being done is such as would be done by a thoroughgoing Christian institution. This is recognized in the bountiful support of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, Rescue Missions, Social Settlements, and similar enterprises.

The organization of a church among the "backward races" in foreign lands is less difficult in many respects than it is in some of our purely American cities, because the appeal in the foreign field is a fresh one and has not back of it long years of strong prejudice due to misunderstanding, as is the case with many among whom much of our work in the abandoned city fields must be done. But even in work among the so-called "heathen" the organization of an orthodox church is often long deferred, the point of contact being sought in some other way. In the Labor Temple everything that is not absolutely essential in religion is omitted, in order that there may be as little as possible of the controversial in the basic work of the institution. But as the enterprise is confessedly and aggressively Christian, there is a distinct effort to bring men to see Christ from a Christian standpoint, for he must become the great motive power back of everything that is attempted. It is clearly shown, however, that Christianity does not involve a belief in an impossible dogma. It does not demand an absolute acceptance of the inspiration of the Bible, for example, nor does it involve a belief in the miraculous conception of Jesus. It asks merely that the man who wishes to become a Christian shall bring his life into conformity with the life and purpose of Christ and that he shall accept Christ as the governing power of his life, helping to carry out his will and plan for the redemption of the world.

It is a very important question whether the Church is willing to maintain such an institution as the Labor Temple in the broadest spirit of catholicity, with no thought of ever getting anything out of it which even suggests that its chief aim is to make "church members." Is it not possible to conduct just one such institution in every important city, where everybody meets on a common level, and where rich and poor may talk out their prejudices, if necessary, but where the Church may fearlessly deal with the questions that most concern workingmen, and which they would prefer to have discussed in preference to the often dull subjects presented from many of our city pulpits? It is a revelation to most workingmen when they know that the Church dares give them a chance to speak their minds, even when they desire to "roast" the Church. As a matter of fact, the average workingman has only one such speech, and, having delivered himself of it, he will not repeat it. When he has learned that the Church isn't afraid to be criticised, such frankness always disarms him. It is perfectly safe to have any kind of a subject discussed in the church—under the proper auspices, to be sure. When even so generally tabooed a subject as Socialism is to be discussed—and men will talk about it—it is much better that it should be considered under Christian direction and with an intelligent, broad-minded chairman in control than that the subject be considered under bitterly prejudiced auspices. Ordinarily, the audience itself takes care of the blatant agitator who may insist upon presenting obnoxious views. Such an enterprise supported by the Church must serve as a mediator between the classes and the masses, between the estranged laborer and the Church.

We have by no means solved the question of the workingmen and the Church, nor have we settled the downtown problem, but we believe that the Labor Temple is an approach toward the solution of both these perplexing questions. We hope that we are at least pointing the way.



The Debt of the Church to William James

By Charles Lewis Slattery

Rector of Grace Church, New York

LAST summer a great man died. Though he might perhaps have found scant room in any organic form of Christianity, he contributed important help to the purpose and effectiveness of the Christian Church. Possibly his help will have proved the more pronounced because the voice of his testimony seemed to come from without. I am convinced that his contribution toward the forces which make for Christian righteousness has been remarkable. I speak of the debt of the Church to William James.

His friends and pupils loved him. Had he never written a book or given a lecture, I suppose he would still have been the inspiration of many people. All who came near instantly felt his charm, his brilliant spontaneity, his genius. Then with the first touch or the first word there was a revelation of his kindness, and admiration melted at once into affection. To those who thought much of Jesus Christ William James seemed to have a large measure of his spirit. His radiant personality was fused with a loving consideration which reminded one of the highest.

But it is not of the contribution of his noble character that I wish to speak. I wish, rather, to speak of the contribution which he has made by his books. Through these books, translated into many languages, read by religious leaders of every name, reproduced in sermons and instructions before thousands of congregations, the substance of this man's teaching has found its place in the Church of to-day. Philosophy and science have declared their debt. It is only just that the Church declare what it also owes to him.

William James's first book was his "Principles of Psychology." It was recognized everywhere as a great achievement. One chapter in this book, the chapter on Habit, was a thrilling enforcement of the lessons of the Church on the formation of character. Its homely thrusts, its vivid common sense, its convincing reason, brought many a young man to his senses. No sane reader of this chapter has since dared to say that the sowing of wild oats is a safe adventure. I do not believe that we can estimate what this essay has accomplished.

Nor is the effect of this chapter on Habit exhausted when one has absorbed its direct lessons. There is an indirect message which is even more efficacious. For a good many years we have been passing through a transition period beset with grave dangers as well as possibilities of advance. This period has witnessed the breaking down of old sanctions. Church-going has been less and less compulsory. Colleges have been allowing students to decide for themselves what they should study. Children have been allowed to experiment in the perilous choices of life, and obedience and law have been reduced to a minimum. Young men have always suspected that laws are arbitrary devices imposed by strict and uncomfortable elders, that the worst effect of broken laws is the arbitrary punishment determined by outward authority, and that laws have nothing to do with the essential order of life. This chapter on Habit has revealed a new reason for laws, especially the laws that have to do with human character. They are not arbitrary and external. They are vivid, rational, essential. Whether laws be looked upon as divine or human, they are the expressions of human experience. It is the kindness of both God and man that teaches with sternness the *Thou shalt nots* of the Ten Commandments and the *Thou shalts* of Jesus Christ.

Physiological psychology frightened men at first, because men feared that scholars might discover that the aspirations of the soul were but a dance of atoms, and body and soul were destined to die together. William James long ago convinced men that science never could rob them of their hope in the survival of the soul. Then he led in the revelation of the truth that the body of man is sacred, that it can receive scars or marks of strength which react upon the spirit. St. Paul's dictum that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost now has scientific confirmation. Every word, every act, is registered in the body; everything counts for better or for worse. "Therefore, careless people," said this great preacher in effect, "heed the experience of those who have gone before you; obey laws; form sound habits; look to your character." This is the first contribution of William James to the life of the modern Church.

The second contribution is best expressed in the title of a paper that gave its name to a volume of popular essays, "The Will to Believe." This phrase received its illustration all through the life of William James; and one cannot think of it without going far beyond the limits of the brilliant essay. It speaks of the open-mindedness of the man, his chivalry toward all honest conviction, his eagerness to understand his neighbor's guiding principles. It is the unconventional interpretation of all that the rapt theologian sums up in the word Faith.

This, too, has been a stimulating lesson for enlarging the influence of the Christian Church. The Church has borne witness through all the centuries to God's love revealed in Christ, to the opportunity of man to live as God's child here, and to the glorious future of man in a life beyond this. These confidences have been expressed in articles of belief. One common attitude toward such expressions of belief has been the almost sneering complaint, "*Must* I believe this?" as if belief in beautiful hopes were bitter medicine. William James has changed all that as no one else has changed it. Before the bright hopes of men he has paused with the eager question, "*May* I believe this?" To use his own word, employed in a later book, he had the religion of healthy-mindedness, by which all morbid hesitation to receive the assurance of good men was eliminated. He could not always accept the faith that held others captive, but he tried to be convinced. His philosophical brethren sometimes complained that the last man he talked with and the last book he read were always "wonderful." Others complained that it was beneath his dignity to investigate mediums and to give his influence to psychical research. But it was part of his open nature. He had "the will to believe."

This "will to believe" would have been a tame characteristic had it not been joined with the frankest honesty. His pupils liked to tell of the day when he was demonstrating a difficult psychological problem, carrying his listeners, breathless, step by step, toward what seemed to them an infallible conclusion. Suddenly he broke off. "That," he said, "is as far as I see; I can go no farther." A less candid leader would have rounded off his demonstration with a few hazy utterances which would have led them to think that philosophy was, after all, quite deep and obscure, though a moment before it had seemed as clear as a May morning.

The Church has already profited by this honest openness to conviction, from those within and without, as the leaders of the Church have held up the old beliefs for trust and acceptance. In spite of all seeming indifference, I believe that there never was a time when men have been so willing as now to listen to the glad message of the Gospel, provided it can be shown to be vital and efficient. To this desirable end William James has been a foremost leader.

The third contribution of this thinker to the present Church is involved in his book "The Varieties of Religious Experience." The conclusions he draws, or fails to draw, from the mass of material which he has accumulated are quite apart from the supreme value of his task. Never, I think, has there been such a formidable array of the testimonies of good men bearing witness to the reality of God's direct communication with the human soul. The very fact that the compiler was chary of his conclusions based upon the evidence he himself had gathered makes the force of the book the more weighty. The material is gathered with reverent hands by one naturally religious, but the scientific temper, the enforced detachment from the assembled witnesses, the judicial attitude, all leave the patience and erudition of the work in bold relief. All sorts of people have found in this book a renewed sense of the reality of the spiritual life. It is true that we have all felt the abnormal character of much of the testimony; much has seemed to be imagination or hallucination; but the variety and mass of the evidence gathered by the painstaking scholar have ultimately brought every reader to the knowledge of a power which is beyond man, yet infinitely near to him.

I do not know how widely the book has been read among the laity; but every self-respecting clergyman has studied "The Varieties of Religious Experience," as in duty bound. With whatever sympathy the book has been read, it never can be read, it seems to me, without a deepened sense of the influence of the Unseen God. If sermons during the last decade have had a ring of conviction not hitherto so marked, much is due to this great book. The fact that the author was not working as a theologian, or in the direct interests of the Church, gave his pages an importance which they could not otherwise have had. He has increased the faith of the Church.

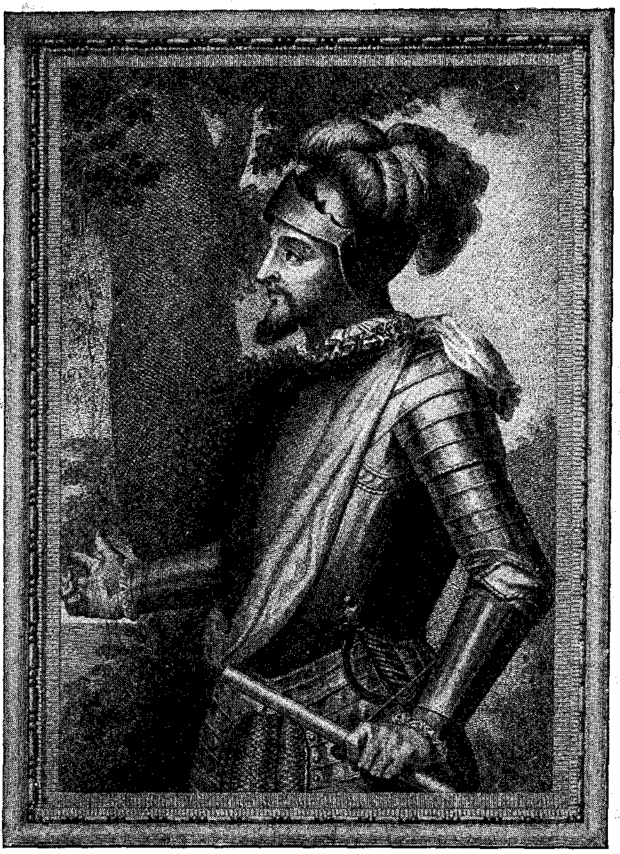
One more significant contribution of this man I must mention. It is summed up in his interpretation of life which he called Pragmatism. This he did not maintain to be an invention, but simply a new name for an old way of thinking. Men at first found fault with his doctrine, because it seemed to take away the absoluteness of truth, making truth a variable thing dependent upon its power to be a workable commodity. This is not the place to enter into any discussion of pragmatism; but it is the place to acknowledge that it is good for the Church to learn that the truth is not an abstraction, but a living power. The truth, in other words, is to be found where Jesus our Master said it would be found: "By their fruits," he said, "ye shall know them." Too often in the history of the Church have the authorities depended upon the fiat of man or book or institution, disregarding the character resulting from the Church's practical teaching. Everybody in the Church may be bad, it has been explained, yet the Church is truth. "By their fruits ye shall know them," quotes pragmatism. And the Church to-day is brought sharply to terms. The Church is confessedly for all sorts of people, bad and good, that all may be made better; but if the Church does not create some saints, it dare not talk of truth enshrined in it. Not by logic, not by formidable authority, is the truth proved, but by the life which grows up within it. What nobler challenge could be put to the Church? What more hopeful and engaging problem could urge the Church to renewed effort? We believe in the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Very well; let us show as products of the Christian Church men who have the courage, the fire, the love of Christ. Then men shall indeed know the truth.

We are thinking a great deal now about Church unity. When we face the members of other Christian communities, we may rightly ask and answer many questions about faith and order, but the first question to ask and answer is the pragmatic question: "What sort of lives has your organization been able to produce? What sort of characters can you show this very morning?" It is not always a convenient test of truth, but it is an infallible test. "Whatsoever maketh a lie" is one of the cursed aspects of life mentioned in the Book of Revelation. "Whatsoever maketh the truth," in reverse fashion, is the invariable and primary mark of a true branch of the Church. No outward history or conformity, no array of numbers or witnesses, can save the branch of Christ's Church which cannot show within it the life and character of the living Christ.

Is it not well, then, that we thank God for the debt the Church owes to William James? He has really stiffened the good habits of men by a sermon which, starting from him, has been finding its way in various forms to the reason and the conscience of multitudes. He has opened the minds of all sorts of men to the privilege of belief, whereby we see the man of faith as the man who is fortunate. He has revealed by an arduous task the reality of men's union with God: not by argument or logic, but by an enormous band of earnest witnesses gathered from many ages. He has brought the Church to the one proof of its truth, not in words, but in the power of the Spirit; not by demonstration, but by life. One may rightly say that these are methods long known. The contribution of William James is that by genius and character he has brought these methods home to the Church and to those who, we trust, will increasingly throw in their lot with the Church. The Church needs them all and longs for their help.

Now may I come back for a moment to the word with which I began? It is, after all, the *character* of this man that has made his books compelling. For, through a marvelous literary style, he was able to reveal even to those who never saw him the charm and the kindness which made his friends love him. A colleague records that at all philosophical conventions, both here and abroad, he was the one man most sought out, even by those who had never seen him. "They waited for him," said his friend, "as for the rain." In other words, they too loved him—through his books.

He was his own best argument. Gay, generous, brave, transparently noble, he proved that life is good. To a man who tried to show that life is not worth living, he once quoted the comment of Henry IV to one of his generals who came up too late for the battle at Arques: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! we have fought a great victory, and you were not there!" William James made life a great victory. "By their fruits ye shall know them," said Jesus. By his fruits we know this man; and we know that to-day he is of the company rejoicing in the King.



VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA
The first man to penetrate the tropical forests of Panama

OUR CANAL

BY ALBERT EDWARDS

SECOND ARTICLE

Our Predecessors on the Job

BALBOA had no sooner seen the Pacific from the mountain peak of Darien than he wanted to set sail on it. Within three years he had performed the incredible feat of carrying two ships—in pieces—across the Isthmus and launching them. Washington Irving considers this one of the most remarkable accomplishments of the Spaniards in the New World.

The distance across the land is not great. It was probably less than twenty miles from navigable water to navigable water where Balboa crossed. The difficulty consisted in the appalling density of the jungle. To-day the most frequented passes—outside of our Canal Zone—present the worst trails in the world. With Indian guides and horses it is hard to make ten miles a day on some of the routes marked on the Government maps *camino real*—main roads. To one

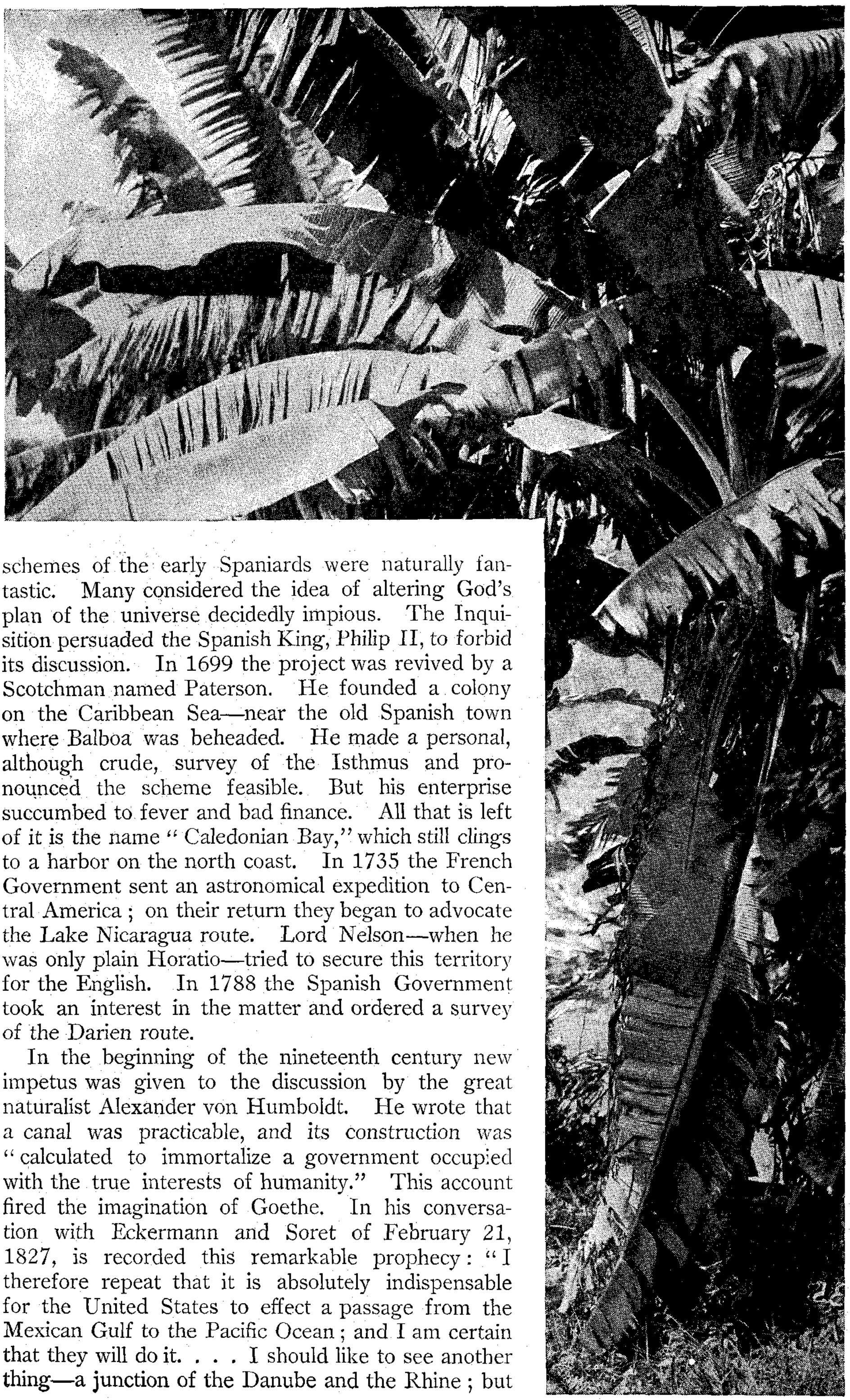
who has tried them Balboa's expedition is almost unbelievable.

Irving says: "The timber was felled on the Atlantic seaboard; and was then, with the anchors and rigging, transported across the lofty ridge of mountains to the opposite shores of the Isthmus. Several Spaniards, thirty Negroes, and a great number of Indians were employed for the purpose. They had no other roads but Indian paths, straggling through almost impervious forests, across torrents, and up rugged defiles broken by rocks and precipices. In this way they toiled like ants up the mountains, with their ponderous burdens, under the scorching rays of a tropical sun. Many of the poor Indians sank by the way and perished under this stupendous task."

"We can readily imagine," Irving continues after several pages more of description of appalling obstacles and discouragements, "the exultation of this intrepid adventurer, and how amply he was repaid for all his sufferings, when he first spread a sail on that untraversed ocean, and felt that the range of an unknown world was open to him."

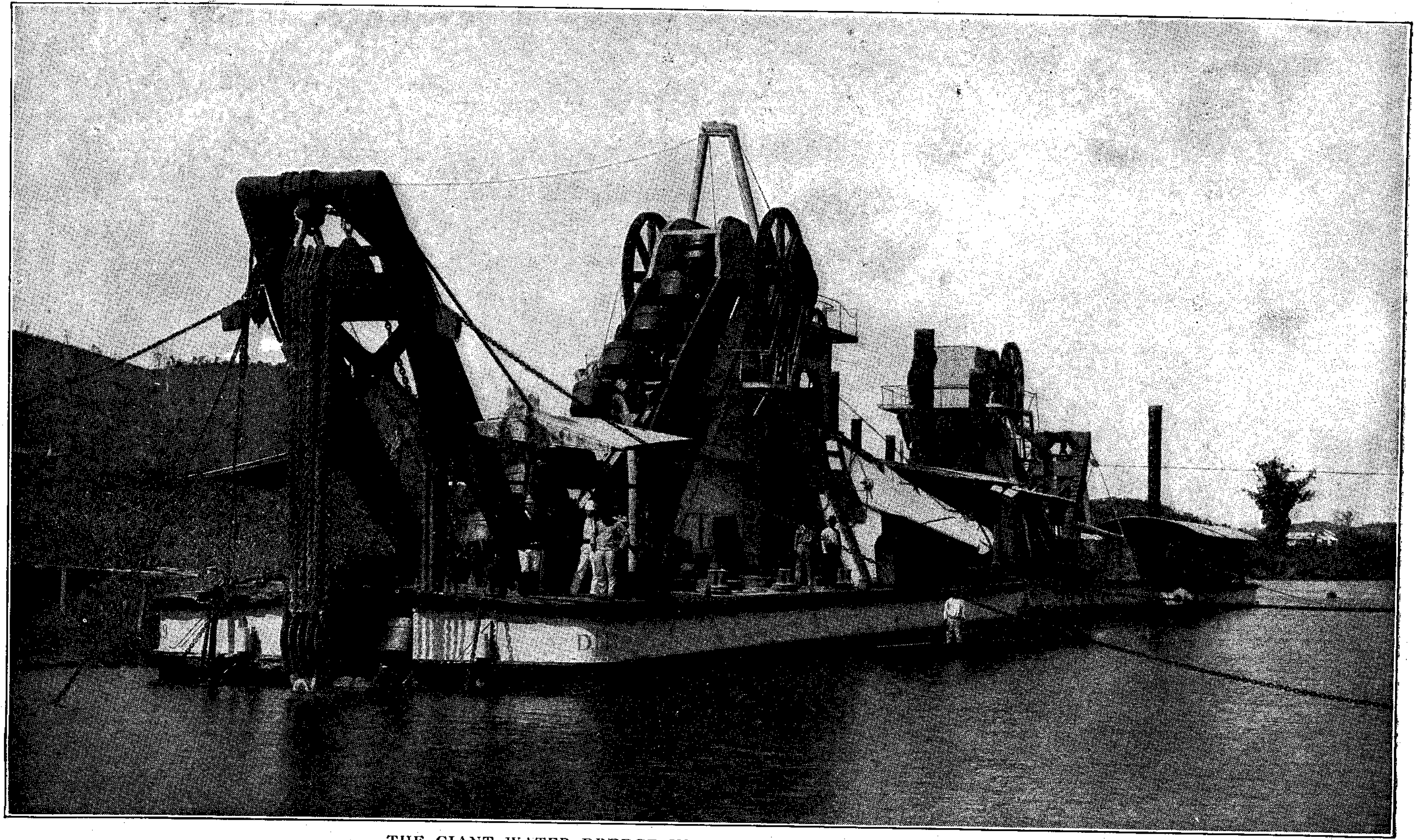
Balboa's ships, once afloat, carried him to the Pearl Islands, where he found rich treasure, and richer tales of Peru, to the south. After this news reached Madrid, the mountains and the jungles of the Isthmus proved an ineffectual barrier indeed. Panama City grew to great size as the outfitting post for the conquest of Peru, and, in time, a paved road was constructed from sea to sea. Almost immediately the project of a canal began to be discussed.

It was a surprise to me to find out what a venerable tradition this Canal of ours has. The



schemes of the early Spaniards were naturally fantastic. Many considered the idea of altering God's plan of the universe decidedly impious. The Inquisition persuaded the Spanish King, Philip II, to forbid its discussion. In 1699 the project was revived by a Scotchman named Paterson. He founded a colony on the Caribbean Sea—near the old Spanish town where Balboa was beheaded. He made a personal, although crude, survey of the Isthmus and pronounced the scheme feasible. But his enterprise succumbed to fever and bad finance. All that is left of it is the name "Caledonian Bay," which still clings to a harbor on the north coast. In 1735 the French Government sent an astronomical expedition to Central America; on their return they began to advocate the Lake Nicaragua route. Lord Nelson—when he was only plain Horatio—tried to secure this territory for the English. In 1788 the Spanish Government took an interest in the matter and ordered a survey of the Darien route.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century new impetus was given to the discussion by the great naturalist Alexander von Humboldt. He wrote that a canal was practicable, and its construction was "calculated to immortalize a government occupied with the true interests of humanity." This account fired the imagination of Goethe. In his conversation with Eckermann and Soret of February 21, 1827, is recorded this remarkable prophecy: "I therefore repeat that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean; and I am certain that they will do it. . . . I should like to see another thing—a junction of the Danube and the Rhine; but



THE GIANT WATER DREDGE USED AT PANAMA BY THE FRENCH this undertaking is so gigantic that I have grave doubts of its completion. . . . And, thirdly and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works! It would well be worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose!"

In 1814 the Spanish Government again took up the project, but before anything could be accomplished the series of revolutions had begun in South and Central America which drove Spain from the mainland of this continent. The first diplomatic envoy from the liberated Central American States in 1825 took up the matter with Henry Clay, who was then our Secretary of State. In the same year "the Central American and United States Atlantic and Pacific Canal Company" was organized, with De Witt Clinton—of Erie Canal fame—as one of its directors.

One scheme followed another, our Government taking little interest in the matter beyond barking like a dog in the manger about the Monroe Doctrine whenever any foreigners started anything. However, in 1835 the Senate voted to construct a canal by way of Nicaragua. The expedition sent out as a result of this vote reported that the canal could be opened for twenty-five million dollars! Louis Napoleon, before he became Emperor, was vastly interested in the subject, and wrote a flamboyant pamphlet about how it was the destiny of France to perform this great service to the race.

With the middle of the last century the "scientific spirit" which was rejuvenating all human thought found its way to the Isthmus. The fantastic stories that the Pacific Ocean was twenty feet higher than the Atlantic, that the lowest pass was 957 feet high (von Humboldt's estimate), that the same pass was only 31 feet high (Moret's statement), and so forth, began to give place to exact information.

The discovery of gold in California in '49 resulted in a great addition to our knowledge of Isthmian routes. Not since the early Spanish days had such a rush of humanity crossed Panama. This sudden burst of traffic was the inspiration of the romantic band of American railway men who built the Panama Railroad. It was started in 1850 and completed in 1855, and is one of the proud accomplishments of our National spirit. The reports of the day contain the statement that one man died for every tie laid in the forty miles of track. That is undoubtedly an immense exaggeration, but the mortality among the railway men was awful; their courage and determination were superb. We have no record of the number of travelers who, moved by the rumor of Californian gold, crossed at Panama before the opening of the railway. But during the first four years of its operation the company sold 121,820 passenger tickets. The freight traffic jumped in those days from almost nothing to infinitely more than the railway could handle. The steamer trade around the Horn also grew to large proportions.

The advantages which would accrue from an Isthmian Canal which had before appealed to the speculative imaginations of such men as Goethe now began to impress business men and politicians. President Buchanan laid hold of the idea, and in 1857 despatched two lieutenants—Craven of the navy and Michler of the army—to make surveys. A dozen names could be cited of our military men who did valiant service in tearing the facts out of the heart of the jungle. Rear-Admiral Davis stands pre-eminent among them. Immediately after the Civil War he began to urge the construction of a canal by our Government. And from then on the history of the Canal is a tangle of diplomatic intrigue, Nicaragua and Colombia playing against each other at Washington—the whole thing complicated by our entanglement with England. As the balance of favor in Washington seemed to be swinging towards the Nicaragua route, the Bogota Government, in a pet, gave a concession to a young French lieutenant, Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse. It is hard to determine whether he was a too optimistic engineer or a more than usually successful swindler. Many of his maps are now in existence. They are beautifully drawn—and inaccurate. In his writings he vastly underestimated the difficulties of the undertaking, and he succeeded in organizing in France a speculative company, which shortly after sold out to the gang of financiers who had entrapped de Lesseps.

The tragedy of Ferdinand de Lesseps

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS

On arriving at Panama, the first day of January, 1880, he said, "The Canal will be made!"

is comparable with the troubles which blighted the latter days of General Grant. The scandal which fell on de Lesseps in his declining years was even more cruel, and probably no more deserved.

The digging of the Suez Canal was *the* accomplishment of his life. All his vigor and energy had gone into it. He came back to Paris literally carried on the shoulders of his nation. The Government made him a "*comte*" and the people called him "*le grand Français.*" But he fell among thieves. The one who played the rôle of Judas seems to have been his own son Charles. The old man fell blindly into the trap of the speculators, who foresaw a rich harvest in the drawing together of his great name and the shady concession of Lieutenant Wyse. They set the stage by summoning the scientists of the world to a great Congress to discuss an Atlantic-Pacific Canal. Although it was called a "scientific" Congress, most of its 136 members were speculators and politicians. Only forty-two were engineers or geographers. They elected Count de Lesseps President, railroaded through a resolution that the Panama route was the only practicable one, and formed the Universal Interoceanic Canal Company by buying the Wyse concession for 10,000,000 francs, before the bona-fide members of the Congress knew what had happened and in the face of much protest. There can be little doubt that the Congress was packed like a ward caucus, but there is no evidence that de Lesseps realized that it was.

The Company was launched with many banquets, florid speeches by *le grand Français*, and champagne without end. And all the while those who were on the inside were playing the market from both ends, sending the stock tumbling down the steps of the Bourse on a manufactured report that the United States was again waving the Monroe Doctrine, shooting them up again with a misquotation from the President's Message to the effect that we were enthusiastic in favor of the French enterprise. A sorrier exhibition of conscienceless finance has seldom been seen.

Meanwhile the Company was sending out men to the Isthmus, preliminary work was discovering the shortcomings of the Wyse surveys, and the engineers were beginning to get acquainted with yellow fever. Information about all this was skillfully handled by the directors, who denied it in their organ, "Le Bulletin," or gave it out in exaggerated form to the press, as they desired the stock to rise or fall.

Late in 1879 de Lesseps, accompanied by his wife and three of his children, sailed from France. They reached Colon on the 30th of December. De Lesseps's reception is described by Mr. Robinson in his book on Panama:

"As one of a committee of reception I went on board the steamer to welcome the distinguished gentleman and his associates, through whom the fortunes of the Isthmus were to be established upon a basis of pure gold. . . . He was then over seventy years of age, but was still active and vigorous: a small man, French in detail, with winning manners, and what is called a magnetic presence. When he spoke, the hearer would not fail to be convinced that whatever he said was true, or, at all events, that he believed it to be true. Thus, during the reception and the conversations which followed he would answer every inquiry in regard to the Canal in the readiest and most amiable manner, and would invariably conclude with the assertion, '*The canal will be made!*'"

There were receptions and speeches in Colon, and the next day the party crossed the Isthmus to Panama, where, on New Year's Day, a formal opening of the Canal—such as is dear to the heart of the French—was performed by the Count and his little daughter. "Le Bulletin" records his speech:

"Under the authority of the United States of Colombia,

"With the blessing of Monseigneur, the Bishop of Panama, . . .

"In the presence of the members of the Technical Commission for the Final Study of the Universal Interoceanic Maritime Canal,

"Mlle. Ferdinande de Lesseps—on this first day of January, 1880—will give the initial blow of a pickax [*coup de pioche*] on the point which will mark the entrance of the Canal on the side of the Pacific Ocean.

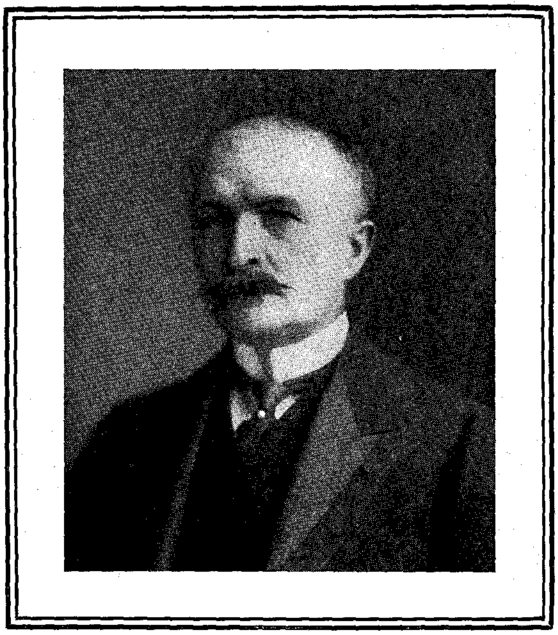
"All present will then successively strike a blow in sign of the alliance of all the peoples who contribute to the union of the two oceans for the good of humanity."

(Great applause and more champagne.)

In striking contrast to this grandiloquence is the episode related in Otis's "Handbook of the Panama Railroad." Two Americans inaugurated that undertaking by climbing over the side of a boat—up to their waists in water—and doing a day's work cutting down mangrove trees.

The same contrast is afforded by Major-General Davis's report of how he assumed control of the Canal Zone as its first Governor. On the 17th of May, 1904, he arrived on the Isthmus. On the 19th he presented his credentials to the President of Panama, and the same day "announced to the inhabitants of the land ceded . . . that the territory had been occupied by the United States of America, and that the temporary government over the same and its inhabitants had been assumed by the undersigned, acting for and in the name of the President of the United States. . . .

"Very soon after the publication in Panama of the announcement that the United States authorities had assumed control of the Canal Zone the Government of the Republic expressed objection to so summary or precipitate assumption of control."



PHILIPPE BUNAU-VARILLA

A notable French engineer, who kept the "Panama Idea" alive

The Panamanians—accustomed by the French to banquets and eloquence, not to mention champagne—made diplomatic representations to Washington, and Governor Davis was ordered to put on his good clothes and "participate in any ceremonies or formalities that might be proposed by the Panama Government."

De Lesseps stayed only a few days on the Isthmus, and then went to the States to try to smooth out the Monroe Doctrine. "Le Bulletin," which was published in Paris by the directors, contains glowing accounts of his enthusiastic reception. The editors and their friends were "long" on the stock at that moment.

But, sinister as was the condition in Paris, things boomed on the Isthmus. There were hundreds of young engineers at work in the jungle who cared little and knew less about the Bourse, but who had reputations to make. The explorations they made, the minute and exact surveys they carried out, the amount of excavation they accomplished with their puny equipment, have been of great use to us. Our men on the job to-day have the highest respect for the men who worked here thirty years ago.

There is an immense pathos in the idea of these men working so sincerely, in the midst of this fever-ridden jungle, for a gang of wildcat promoters in Paris.

For, besides the treachery which threatened them from home, they were in their work face to face with overwhelming odds.

First of all, as it was not a Government undertaking, they had to let out the excavation to contractors. The conditions of the work were so unprecedented that for years they could only guess at the costs, and the terms of the contracts were haphazard. The private contractors took out the soft earth at the stipulated price per cubic yard, and then threw up their hands and went through bankruptcy in the face of the more difficult excavation. The Company was paying exorbitant prices for the easiest work, and not making any progress at all in the more formidable sections of the Canal. It lost money, or was probably intentionally cheated, by almost all the contractors. Two glowing exceptions were the contracts let to an American named Slaven for dredging at the Atlantic entrance, and to the French company organized by M. Bunau-Varilla for dry excavation in Culebra Cut. The work accomplished by these two firms was remarkable and has proved of utility to us.

Not the least of the Company's troubles arose from the unsatisfactory nature of the concession from Colombia. Besides the blackmail to which almost every foreign industrial enterprise is subject in Latin-American countries, the French were endlessly worried by the courts. The leading citizens of Colombia for a while laid aside the profession of political revolutions and took up the law. The frequent bankruptcy of the contractors, the compensation claims of injured workmen, and so forth, gave endless excuse for litigation, and it was often started without excuse. The native courts always decided that the French could pay.

But these complications, serious as they were, were mere fly-specks in comparison to the death roll from yellow and malarial fever.

What the sick rate was among the French, how many of them died, it is to-day impossible to determine. "Le Bulletin" naturally tried to minimize it. When M. Bionne, one of the most gifted prospectus writers and speakers employed by the Company, visited the Isthmus and died of the yellow fever, "Le Bulletin" claimed that it was apoplexy. Almost all the personal memoirs of those days record the crowded condition of the big hospitals at Ancon and Colon and the death of many a friend.

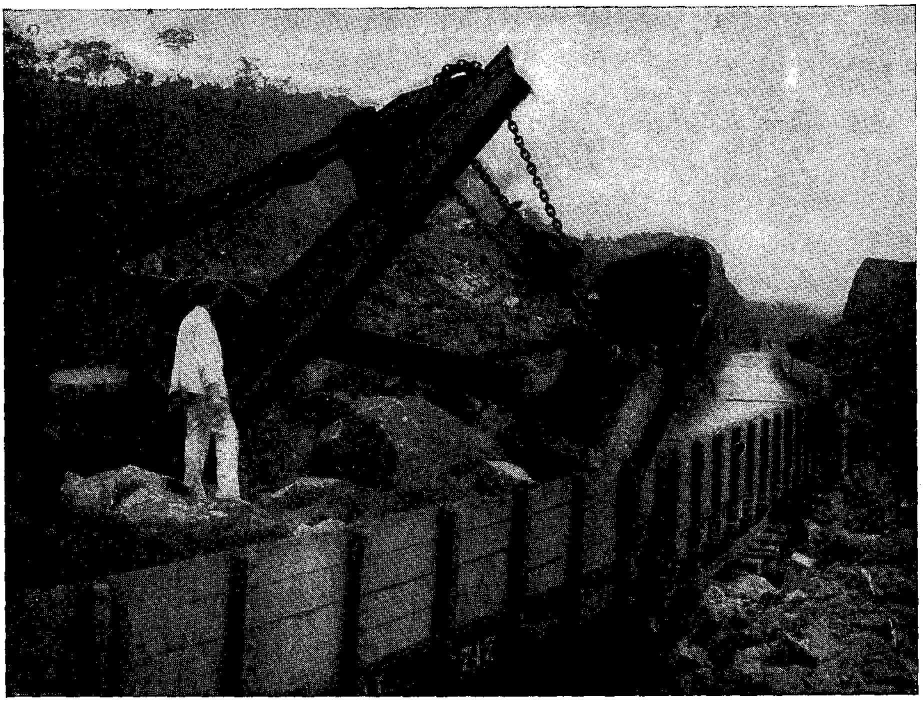
Bunau-Varilla writes: "In September the diseases and death continued their work. The Director of Works, gravely ill himself, had to return to France, and so I was forced to assume the functions of the general administration with a working force decimated by disease and desertions. . . .

"Two talented engineers, MM. Petit and Sordoillet, were sent to me from Paris to take the posts of division chiefs. Their coming had made me hope for a seriously needed reinforcement; but, unhappily, having arrived together, they were together taken to the cemetery fifteen days later, having fallen victims to the fatal malady which had so terribly torn open the ranks of our forces."

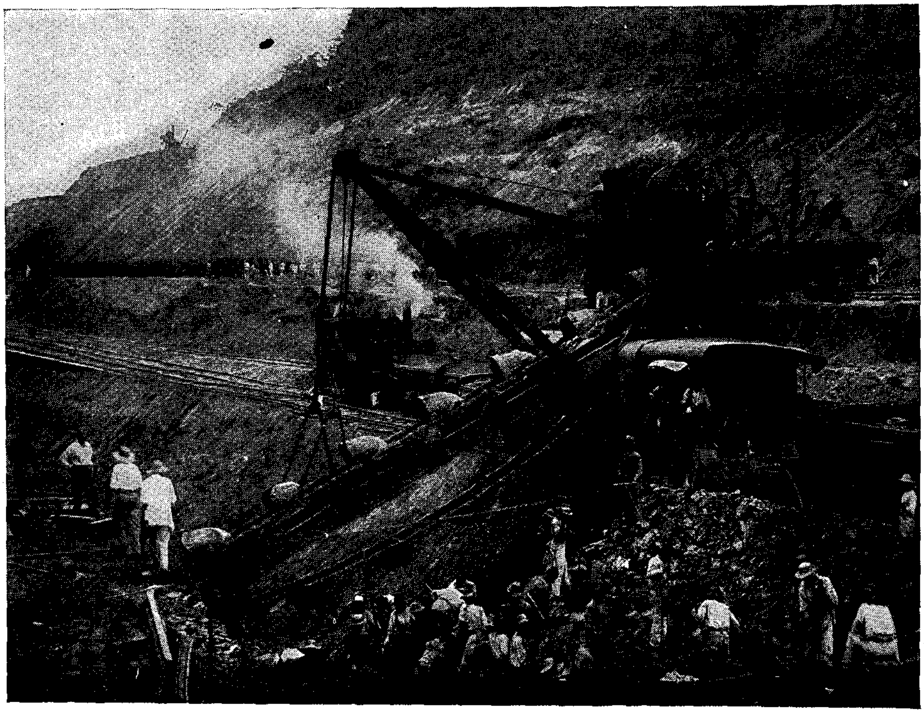
The following statistics have been compiled by our sanitary officers from the very incomplete data left by the French. They are believed to be much below the real mortality. The worst scourge was in the end of 1884:

1884.	EMPLOYEES.						Total.	MORTALITY.			Annual death rate per 1,000 for the month.
	Officials.		Office Force.		Laborers.		White and Negro.				
Month.	White.	Negro.	White.	Negro.	White.	Negro.		Yellow Fever.	Malaria.	Total all Diseases.	
October . . .	531	4	524	284	1,657	16,249	19,243	21	51	161	100.40
November.	562	4	583	281	1,600	15,906	18,936	20	56	162	102.66
December.	556	3	577	286	1,503	15,802	18,727	33	35	146	93.55

Taken from the tables compiled by the American sanitary officers and published by the Sanitary Department in 1906.



TAKING OUT STONE IN CULEBRA CUT: THE AMERICAN WAY



EXCAVATING BY THE FRENCH WHEN CULEBRA CUT WAS YOUNG

THE AMERICAN METHOD COMPARED WITH THE FRENCH

With the coming of the "dry season" the scourge abated, to break out again the next year. Although there were no other three consecutive months with so terrible a showing as these last months of 1884, September of the next year reached the unprecedented annual death rate per thousand of 176.97.

The visitor to the Isthmus to-day is sure to be told of "*la folie Dingler.*" Dingler was probably the ablest engineer the French ever had in charge of the work. He came out in 1883. He was not afraid of the fever, and he built a mansion on the side of Ancon Hill, where the quarry is now. It would have been difficult for him to have found as beautiful a situation on the Côte d'Azur of his own country. But he never occupied the house. His wife and three children had come over from France, and, while the house was building, the fever took them all.

Bunau-Varilla speaks of the fever as the greatest of all the difficulties the French had to face:

"Subtle and fugitive, the mysterious disease seems to defy all observation, to laugh at all remedies. The victim whom it has struck is in the hands of hazard. The most erudite and devoted physicians must content themselves with administering, not remedies which will check the progress of the malady, but simple palliatives, the effects of which are more moral than real. . . .

"Out of each hundred individuals arrived on the Isthmus it is not exaggeration to say that, on an average, not more than twenty were able to keep at their posts in the construction camps. And of this number how few—although preserving that minimum of health which was strictly necessary—had not lost some of their courage!"

Even if all the French money had been honestly and economically expended, it is probable that the de Lesseps Company would have failed. It was not until the beginning of the new century that sanitary science progressed to the point of successfully pulling the teeth of the tropical jungle.

The crash came in 1888. After eight years of as brave a fight as man had ever made against nature, the bubble burst. It is estimated that stock had been issued to the value of two hundred and fifty million dollars. It is doubtful if half this sum ever got near enough to Panama to be expended on actual work. Most of this "paper" was held by French peasants and people of moderate means. They had been led into it by the great name of de Lesseps. You may be sure that none of the original promoters were caught with stock on their hands when the final break came. The scandal was immense. Many Government officials were involved. The shame of it drove the old man—*le grand Français*—insane. He died a few years later in an asylum.

I have found nothing—and the books on the subject are without end—which seems to me to characterize the man so justly as this from the pen of Mr. Robinson, who knew de Lesseps personally, and was on the Isthmus during the whole time of the Company's activity:

"He was committed to the scheme, fully believed in it as a great and good scheme entirely possible of realization, and it is my opinion that from first to last he was perfectly conscientious and honest.

"I am aware that the world at large does not take the same view. The question need not be discussed, nor need anything be added here to the already voluminous literature of this famous industrial failure. That M. de Lesseps was an enthusiast; that he did not possess the administrative abilities required for so great and so difficult a work; that he was too old, too eager, too vain of the glory it would add to his already great reputation, too easily imposed upon by men whose first aim was plunder, too ill a judge of character to fill with success a place of so great responsibility; that he lacked practical knowledge, and was wrongly advised—all these things may be admitted; but, when all is said, he was not sordid, not the impostor his enemies declare him to have been."

Sadder even than the tragedy of this unfortunate old man was the despair of the hundreds of loyal and courageous men engaged in the work. After eight years of struggle, and sometimes of doubt, they had come to feel that the opening of the Canal was assured. Bunau-Varilla writes: "The reasons for this great and fatal failure are numerous, but all of them, with hardly an exception, come from a common cause; the very nature of the problem faced by the art of the engineer made it impossible to state the problem with precision." When the French began work, they were daring out upon as unknown a sea as that which Columbus sailed. They had absolutely no precedents for their undertaking. No satisfactory survey existed; no one knew how many cubic yards would have to be moved; no one had any idea of the nature of the earth below the surface. Estimates of cost were crude guesses. No one knew definitely about the sanitary condition and probable frequency of epidemics. There were no reliable data in regard to rainfall—one of the most important elements in making estimates in the tropics. No one had information in regard to where labor could be most cheaply recruited or what class of laborer would bear up best under the climate. After eight years of experimentation all this was changed. There was no more guessing. Mathematical certainties had replaced all the original ignorance. The men knew just what had to be done and how to do it.

And now, with the problems solved, with a clear road ahead, the pirates of the Paris Bourse had cheated them out of their victory. Bunau-Varilla voices the outraged sentiments of these men in the epilogue of his book "Panama, le Passé, le Present, l'Avenir:"

"After having had the audacity to attempt to realize the dream of Columbus, after having expended such enormous sums of effort and money, after having, through these efforts, traveled two-thirds of the road, after having assembled and set to work a gigantic equipment, after having withstood all the tests and bought so dearly all the knowledge, broken all the resistances, triumphed over every obstacle, after having excavated nearly fifty million cubic meters under conditions at first difficult and obscure, are we going to abandon all of this, when there only remain forty millions of cubic meters to move under conditions well known and defined?

"Are we going to allow the belief to weigh down the coming generation that our country is no longer capable of anything but spasmodic energy, that the proud and powerful force of continued effort is henceforth a stranger to us?"

But the scandal had been too great to allow him or any one to revive the faith of the French nation. A receiver was appointed in the hope of rescuing something from the ruin. In order to keep alive the concession from Colombia a semblance of work was maintained by the reorganization. But nothing serious was accomplished.

The devoted band of engineers scattered about the world on other jobs. Bunau-Varilla was one of the few who kept the faith. The dream of "the Straits of Panama" had bit deep into his imagination. When at last he was forced to give up hope in his own people, he turned to us, and this man, who had been a notable engineer, became a politician. He, more than any one else, kept the "Panama idea" alive. And, when the time came, he was active in the Panama Revolution which gave us the Canal Zone, and was the first diplomatic representative from the infant republic to Washington. And in that capacity he signed the treaty which made the Canal a certainty.

Our engineers have disagreed with him on several important points, and his soundness on technical points has been questioned. But no one denies that he was among the most successful of the French engineers and contractors thirty years ago, and that in his tireless devotion to a grand idea he has typified the spirit of his great and generous people. If there had been more men of his stamp and fewer speculators in the de Lesseps Company, the French would have built the Canal.

Socialism

By Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

Dreamer! You sweep the skies
With valorous eyes
To read the portent of the stars unborn!
On frail Icarian wing,
Wild-beating through the night,
Hopeful of other light
Than day can bring;—
You lose the glory of our earthly morn!

Dreamer! The long-loved goal
Of your impatient soul
Lies in no flame-wrought vision of new creed.
Your towered fantasies,
Builded on shifting sand,
Guarded with loyal hand,
And prayerful ecstasies,
Are but the smoky vapors of our need.

Dreamer! Our skyward drift
Is not so swift
As dreams that have no dreary leagues to go.
Yet still with even tread
We climb the sunlit peak,
Knowing the height we seek
Is sacred to our dead,
Whose mortal shards lie marshaled far below.

Not by law-riven gyves,
But in triumphant lives
Your surging dream shall win the upland road!
Know you since time began
The one transcendent Lord
Of all our earth-born horde
Flamed from the soul of man?
Life is not bondage to a golden goad!

Sprung from your bitter tears
Against the hungry years
The sword-blade of your anger leaps full-drawn.
Smite not insensate things!
Not over broken stone,
But through swift love alone
Shall your new hope find wings!
Up, Dreamer! Wake! For life! For love! For dawn!

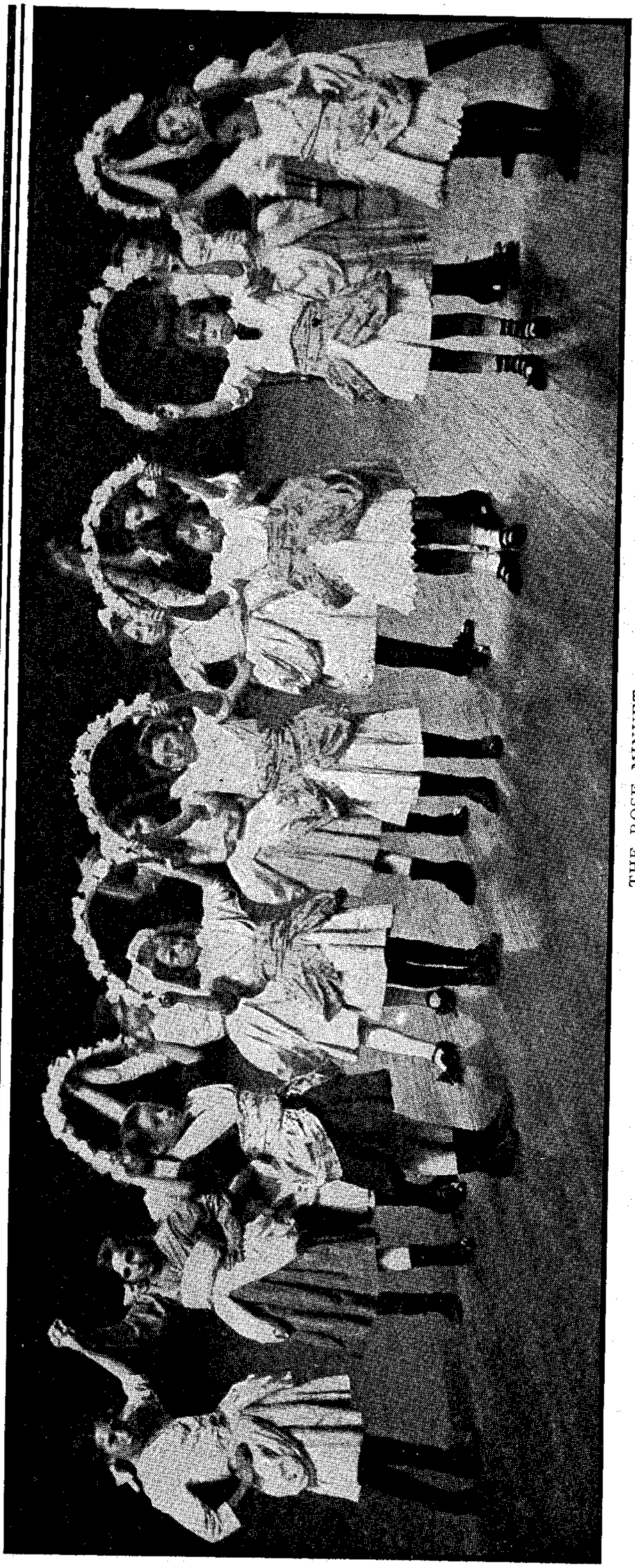
GEORGE WASHINGTON AND RED ROWAN, THE GYPSY, TELLING HIS FORTUNE

Pageantry for Children

By Myra Emmons

A WAVE of play is sweeping over this country, bearing on its crest the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides, the Playgrounds Associations, and similar organizations for teaching children how to play intelligently. A most picturesque development of outdoor play life is the pageant, and this becomes especially valuable when it takes the historical form. In its every phase it appeals to child activities—grace, imagination, memory, self-forgetfulness, enthusiasm, patriotism, concerted action, and innumerable other expressions of intelligence.

Every educator knows that interest is the primal necessity of acquisition. The child's interest must be aroused and held. The teacher who fails for an instant in that respect finds, at that instant, the child thought-wandering, listless, and indifferent. Adults can, and often do, consciously focus their thought on subjects which do not really interest them, but not so the child. A well-known lecturer, on being commended because he had held the attention of an audience of university men, replied that it was not so severe a test as lecturing before an assembly of school-



THE ROSE MINUET

children. "A fly buzzing across the room," he said, "is sufficient to set five hundred children tittering. The lecturer must be several times more interesting than the bluebottle if he is to instruct children."

Few forms of play offer the intense and diversified interest that can be centered on a pageant. In fact, pageantry may include all varieties of dancing, mimic warfare, riding, and other activities, so that it becomes a *multum in parvo* of play, as well as study and expression of intelligence. Notwithstanding the wide scope of the pageant, its demands on the child's abilities are not too severe. Much splendor of effect may be obtained by the most simple means. The acting required may be of the simplest. Details may be treated with extreme lightness or banished altogether, attention being focused on broad general features.

A most successful pageant given in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, illustrates the possibilities of this method of instructive entertainment. It was called "The Pageant of Patriotism." In order to make it available for performance by children the scenes were selected from the childhood of American heroes and heroines.

The stage setting was a great oval of perfect velvet greensward, surrounded by trees, and an audience of not less than ten thousand people witnessed the performance with keenest interest.

The pageant began with the recitation of a prologue describing the scenes that were to follow. This was recited by the "Spirit of Patriotism"—a girl in soft white draperies, with floating hair, bearing in her hand a banner of the Stars and Stripes.

The first scene, representing the earliest American history, showed Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith. This gave opportunity for Indian costumes, Indian dances, and Indian music, furnished by a band of boys. Pocahontas, in a costume representing white doeskin, glittering with beads, with turquoise blanket, was a most effective figure. The braves were terrible in war-paint, feathers, and vari-colored blankets; and the "Rain Dance," the "War Dance," and the dance of Indian maidens were presented exactly as given by the Indians themselves. The boys, who ordinarily flout dancing as being suitable only for girls, entered with abandon into the weird posturings and chantings of the Indian dances, and especially rejoiced in their tomahawks and war-whoops.

The next scene showed life at Ferry Farm, the home of Washington's childhood. This was presented for the purpose of giving certain colored children an opportunity to take part in the pageant. They were shown in plantation scenes, singing plantation Negro melodies, with Mistress Washington, in effective Colonial costume, playing Lady Bountiful. They were extremely graceful in the dances prepared for them, and their feature of the programme was received by the audience with special sympathetic enthusiasm.

George Washington and his aides on his first surveying expedition, at the age of fourteen, presented the next scene. The aides went hunting, leaving the youthful commander of the expedition sitting alone by his camp-fire. Red Rowan, the gypsy, appeared, a most picturesque figure, in nut-brown gown and scarlet cape, with floating nut-brown hair. Stealing softly among the trees, she saw the strange youth silently toasting his camp bread. He was unaware of her approach, and before he perceived her she executed on the green a most exquisitely graceful gypsy dance, to soft strains of wild Tzigany music by the band. Her dance ended, she approached the youthful hero, entered into conversation with him, told his fortune and predicted his glorious future.

The capture of Daniel Boone by the Indians, his trial and sentence to death by the council of redskins, their war dance in preparation for his execution, Boone's strategy and escape, furnished a scene in which no girls took part, but which appealed especially to the imaginations and enthusiasm of the boys.

Two scenes from the life of young Benjamin Franklin followed. The first showed him as a boy, in black velvet Colonial costume, with tricorn hat, crossing Boston Common, carrying on his arm a basket of candles, which he was supposed to be selling for his father, but in reality intent on flying his immortal kite. He is approached by a crystal-gazing fortune-teller, in forest-green gown and cape, with white kerchief and cap. She talks with him and lends him the crystal ball in which to read his fortune. He falls asleep while gazing into the mysterious sphere, and dreams that he is presented at the Court of Marie Antoinette. This dream is reproduced as the second scene, and gives almost endless opportunity for picturesque effects. Franklin, supposed to be grown to manhood, and John Adams are presented at the Court of the beautiful Austrian, who has prepared a gorgeous fête in their honor. Scenes from the Trianon, a rose minuet, a dance of shepherdesses, a minuet of milkmaids, all with appropriate music, are performed for the entertainment of the distinguished guests, and furnish charming scenes against the background of brilliant green turf and summer sky. Though the costumes of rose, turquoise, jade, maize, and violet were of five-cent muslin and the garlands of flowers were made of tissue paper, Versailles itself did not furnish more graceful dancing or more happy enthusiasm.

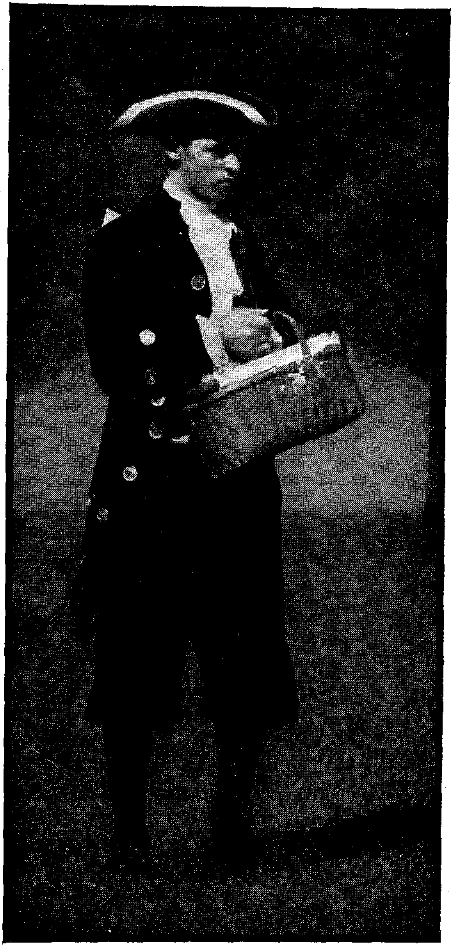
A return to the rugged simplicity of American life was presented in the follow-

SETTLEMENT GIRLS WHO DANCED

ing scene, from the boyhood of Abraham Lincoln. Frontier youths and maidens are clustered around the Lincoln cabin, when " Honest Abe " enters with his ax on his shoulder, just as he has returned from splitting rails. A band of young Indians approaches to trade with the white children, and at the demand of the redskins " Honest Abe " is made arbiter of the traffic.

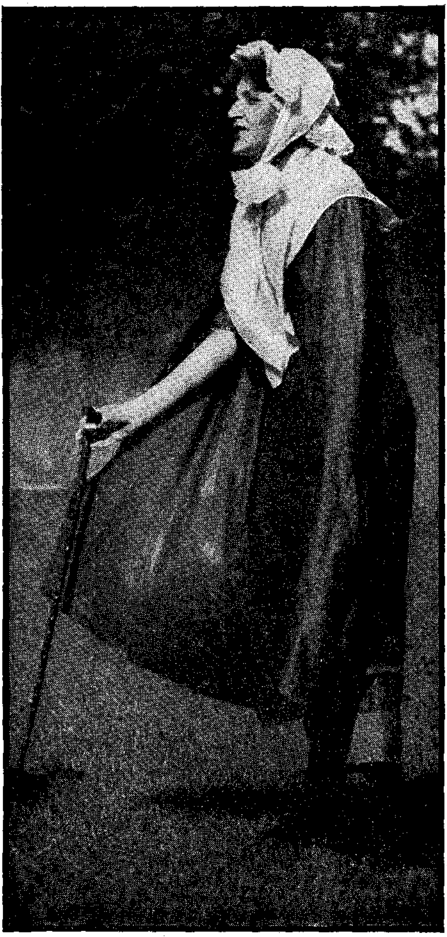
A tableau introducing all the characters, weaving in suggestions of all the dances and hints of all the music, is the final scene, typifying the unity of all the forces which make up our great American life and history.

The juvenile material which was available for this Brooklyn production was furnished by the social settlements. Every nation of Europe, and even Asia and Africa, were represented by some youthful actor. This was no picked lot of children, chosen from families of wealth, education, and training. It was the product of the conglomerate life of Brooklyn's working people, yet the native intelligence and ability were marked and abundant. The beautiful, slender little Italian girls made strikingly handsome Indian maidens, and well to the fore in histrionic talent were the offspring of what Kipling has called " the great German-American-Anglo-Saxon Jew." Many of the children were " little mothers," who went to rehearsals with their infant charges on their arms, and newsboys or office-boys, who could attend only night rehearsals,



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

AT THE FRENCH COURT



AND THE CRYSTAL GAZER

after days of arduous toil which would put some men to shame. It was peculiarly noticeable that the children who worked for their living, and perhaps for the living of others than themselves, were more earnest, punctual, and diligent than the mere school-children who had not yet felt the spur of responsibility. Several "gangs" of boys were among the most enthusiastic participants. One organized gang, sometimes locally mentioned as the "Terrors of Brooklyn," showed at first a slight disposition to be lawless, but, as the rehearsals progressed and their activities were turned into channels of intelligent interest, they became thoroughly obedient to every requirement of the production, and even helped to keep the younger urchins in order. During the several weeks of rehearsal all these children were kept away from the streets, from the sights and sounds of dance-halls and saloons, from the tendency to quarrel among themselves, and from the idle and useless ebullition of undirected youthful activies. Punctuality and attention were demanded. It was a sad surprise to some infant dawdlers at first to find, on arriving late at rehearsal, that their places had been filled by more alert performers. The effect was most salutary. If a child who had thus lost a part was graciously assigned another, the tardiness was never repeated.

After a short time the discipline of rehearsals was maintained somewhat by the children themselves. No child was willing to play opposite another who was dilatory or indifferent. Each one spurred the others to diligent effort, and a strong *esprit du corps* was soon established.

A large part of the training for this production was the reading and study exacted of the children. They were required to learn all they could about each character represented, each period of history, each event and scene. They became amazingly conversant with these facts, sometimes bringing up details that almost put the instructors to confusion. Two hundred children took part in the pageant, and there were forty speaking parts. The interest in their study, reading, and work spread to their playmates and to the grown people of their families, thus reaching an almost incalculable radius. Where was Ferry Farm, where is Mount Vernon, where, indeed, is Virginia? How many grown people know that a county in Virginia to-day bears the name of the historic gypsy Rowan family? How would you go to Virginia if you should have the opportunity? Why did Abraham Lincoln split rails? Why did Benjamin Franklin fly a kite? The boys showed much enthusiasm regarding what they were able to learn about electricity. Apparently there were future electricians and electrical engineers among the participants.

Without tacking a moral to each feature of the pageant, the instructors brought to light the humanities of history—the tenderness of Pocahontas, the dauntless courage of Washington, the perseverance and ingenuity of Franklin, the honesty and judgment of Lincoln. That this country abounds in opportunities for boys and girls to become valuable and important men and women was carefully impressed on the youthful thoughts. When asked, "What do you know of Benjamin Franklin?" or, "What can you tell me about Abraham Lincoln?" the response was more than likely to be a chant in unison, 'He was a poor boy.'"

The stage properties required for such a pageant are extremely simple and all may be of home manufacture. A campfire was the center of the Pocahontas scene, also of the George Washington and Daniel Boone scenes, and figured in the setting of the Lincoln scene. It is essentially American and typical of the exploring, pioneer spirit of our ancestors An old lantern filled with red cloth and a bit of burning punk simulated the campfire, and other devices of the stage-setting and costuming were as simple, though all were as historically accurate as possible. Khaki cloth represented the buckskin of the Indians' and early settlers' costumes, and gorgeously colored Canton flannel served well to simulate Indian blankets.

Such a pageant might serve to commemorate any National holiday, and offers an especially attractive programme for a fireless Fourth of July. It may be made vastly educational to the "grown-ups" who prepare it as well as to the children who participate.

POETRY

BY CLARENCE URMY

Call not by name of Poetry the verse
  That neither soothes men's worldly pains and cares
  Nor lifts the thoughts of men by golden stairs
To starry thrones; a name so high, so terse,
Should never join a blessing and a curse,
  Nor give to idle songs and vulgar airs
  The christening we give to praise and prayers
That laureled poets on their harps rehearse.

But call by name of Poetry the lines
  That show us stars where scarcely stars belong,
That grow us golden fruit on barren vines,
  That fill deep silences with deeper song,
And grant us glimpses of the worlds that lie
Beyond the reach of human ear and eye.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Training England's Future King

By Meriel Hathaway

IN an English periodical, about a year ago, there appeared an article on the boyhood of Edward VII, which created interest and gave rise to comment. That Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort took up their arduous position imbued with a sense of deep responsibility, and carried out their duties with the utmost conscientiousness, all know who have read anything of Queen Victoria's life. But it came, nevertheless, as a surprise to some, this revelation of the care and thought, the prayerful and anxious consideration, which were lavished on the early days of the then Prince of Wales. "Nothing," says the writer, "not the smallest thing, was left to chance. Not a week, not a day, not an hour, of the time of this precious youth could safely or properly be wasted. Other lads might occasionally run loose in the springtime, and for other boys it might be legitimate to plunge into the region of romance. But for this boy the pages even of Sir Walter

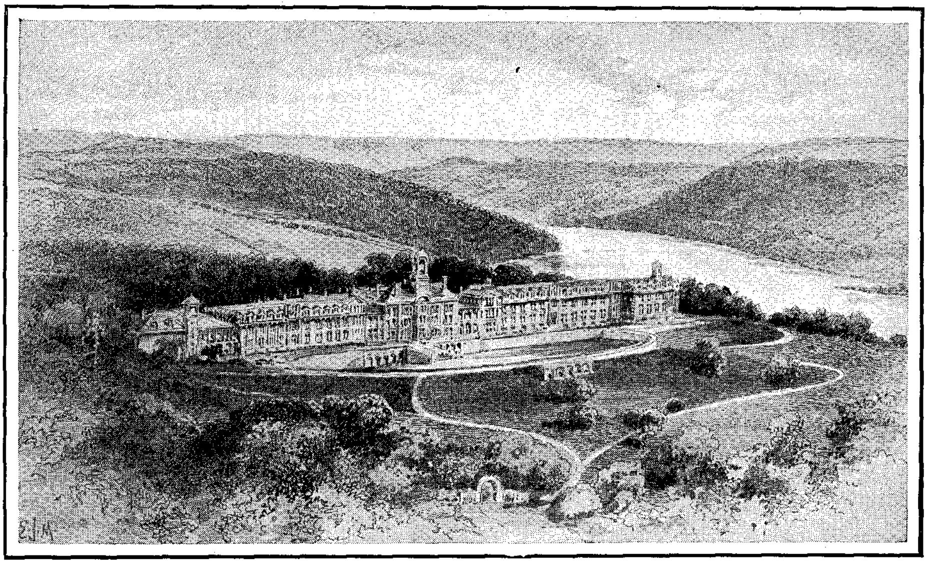
Scott were closed, and he must concentrate, ever concentrate, upon 'modern languages,' upon 'history,' upon 'the sciences.' . . . Daily, almost hourly, the Queen and the Prince kept watch and ward over those intrusted with the care of their son. Within the walls of Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle letters and notes constantly passed, and have been elaborately and carefully preserved."

When, at fifteen, the young Prince had an allowance for dress, Queen Victoria wrote to him as follows: "Dress is a trifling matter which ought not to be raised to too much importance in our own eyes. But it gives also the *one outward sign* from which people in general can, and often do, judge upon the internal state of mind and feeling of a person, for this they all see, whilst the other they cannot see. On that account it is of some importance, particularly in persons of high rank. I must now say that we do not wish to control your own taste and fancies, which, on the contrary, we wish you to indulge and develop, but we do *expect* that you will never wear anything *extravagant* or *slang*, not because we don't like it, but because it would prove a want of self-respect and be an offense against decency, leading—as it has often done before in others—to an indifference to what is morally wrong."

When, at seventeen, the Prince of Wales was given a household, wise, loving counsel from the same source was given him. His parents wrote: "A new sphere of life will open for you, in which you will have to be taught what to do and what not to do, a subject requiring study more important than any in which you have hitherto been engaged. For it is a subject of *study*, and the most difficult one of your life, how to become a good man and a thorough gentleman. To the servants and to those below you, you will always be courteous and kind, remembering that by having engaged to serve you in return for certain money payments they have not surrendered their dignity which belongs to them as brother men and brother Christians. You will try to emancipate yourself as much as possible from the thraldom of abject dependence for your daily wants of life on your servants. The more you can do for yourself and the less you need their help, the greater will be your independence and real comfort."

Watched over and sheltered, the Prince of Wales grew up. He does not seem to have mixed with boys of his own age, but to have led a life apart. When he went to college, he lived under the roof of the Dean. The Queen and Prince Albert made a great point of his not sharing the undergraduate life, but he himself said, much later, that it would have been far better for him if he had.

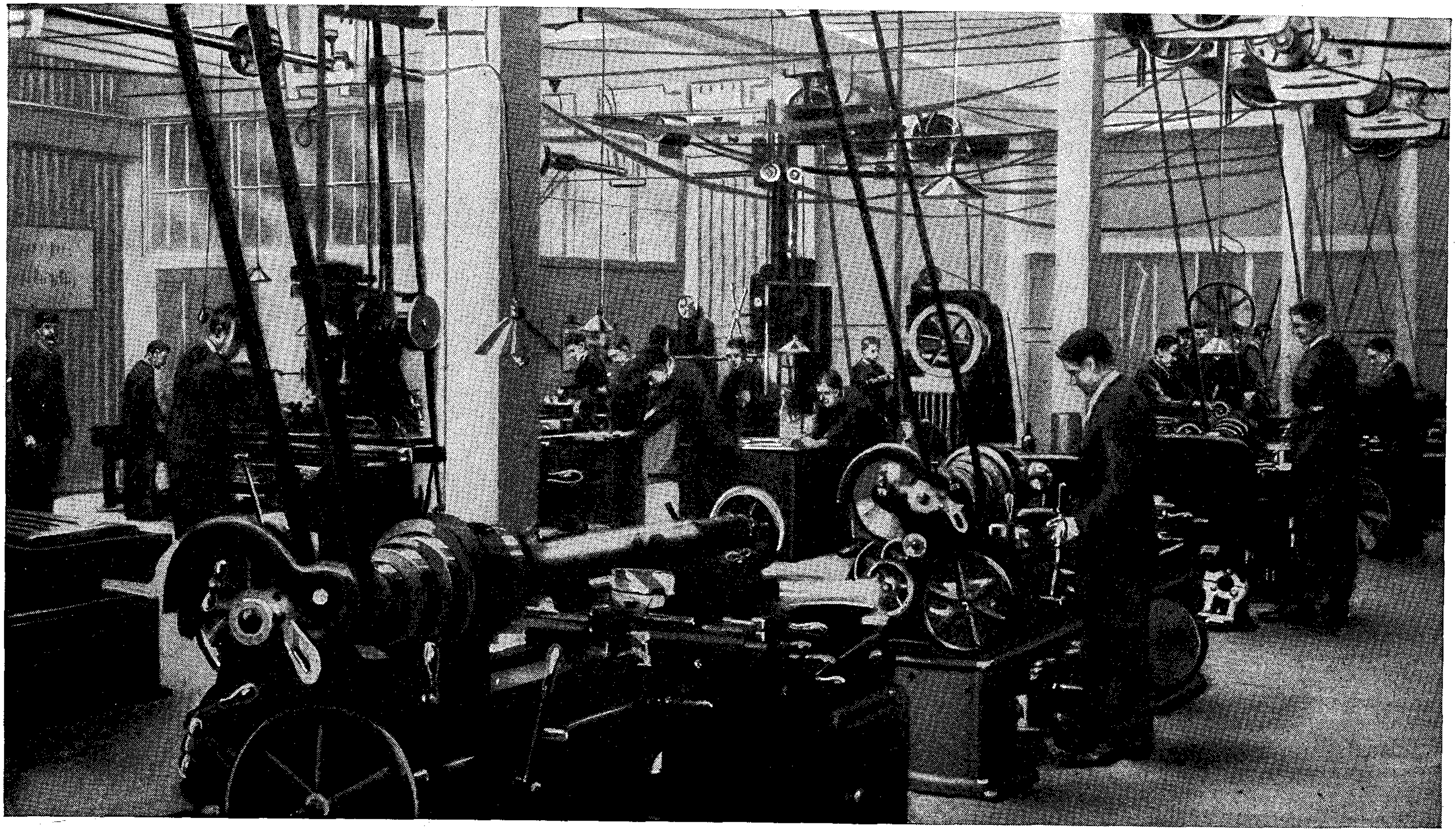
And now, sixty years later, England



WHERE THE PRINCE TRAINS FOR THE NAVY

THE ROYAL FAMILY—FOUR GENERATIONS

has again a fair-haired Edward, Prince of Wales. His parents, too, have a deep sense of responsibility. They too give the greatest care and much thought to the training and education of their children. But their methods are different. From the time they each reached the age of thirteen Prince Edward and his brother Prince Albert have shared the life of four hundred English boys, and have undergone the same training which every English boy goes through who chooses the navy as a profession. The course of training for the navy as at present carried out is the result of a far-reaching reform instituted in 1902 by Lord Selborne and Admiral (now Lord) Fisher. Till then England's naval officers went through their preliminary training on board an old black-and-white wooden battle-ship of Nelson's time, anchored peacefully up the little river Dart in sunny Devon. She lies there still, the old Britannia, but her day is past, and the training of the men who have to handle that most wonderful of modern inventions, a



THE TURNING SHOP AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE great battle-ship, is bound to differ very greatly from the training of the pre-Dreadnought officer.

The English naval officer has to know a great deal more of engineering than his predecessors. He has indeed to be more than half an engineer. "For in the modern ship of war the whole ship is an engine-room packed with a multitude of engines, gun mountings, motors, and mechanical contrivances of the most varied and intricate character, which require for their proper handling and management a wide knowledge of the practical applications of mechanics and applied electricity."

The new scheme came into force in 1902; to put it very briefly, every boy enters at thirteen, goes through four years of training on shore, two years at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and two at Dartmouth, in Devonshire. But though the educational system has been revised, there has been no break in tradition or atmosphere, and the boys wear the same uniform which their fathers and uncles and great-uncles were proud to wear. They have the same record of naval greatness behind them, and the same task before them, that of keeping their country's flag flying. They are in a naval atmosphere from the first day of their new life. The timing of the day's routine is by bells, as on board ship; they wake to the sound of the reveillé bugle; they are looked after entirely by men, as on board ship. Naval officers are in command, and are with the boys at their games and in their leisure; discipline is far stricter than at a public school; punishments take the form of "drills;" only that part of their education which they have in common with any other school-boy is intrusted to civilians; and at every turn the cadet realizes that from the very beginning he is part of Britain's navy.

Imagine our little Prince on the first morning of his new life. He has arrived overnight with the seventy new boys who constitute the fresh arrivals and are dubbed "first termers." The bewilderment of the new surroundings has merged into sound slumber, but some of it clings to his mind as he opens his eyes next morning. The reveillé bugle has not yet sounded, and he has time to look around. He sees the long, spotless, carpetless dormitory, with its many curtainless windows. Right and left of him are narrow little iron beds like his own, each bed covered with a regulation blue rug, with the owner's initials embroidered on it in red; another row of beds opposite him, eighteen on each side. Between each is a small, plain washstand, and at the foot of each stands the cadet's sea-chest—a solid iron and oak box painted black and white. This is the cadet's wardrobe, and contains all his possessions. He will have nothing more for the first few years of his sea life, so he must acquire the art of being tidy in a small space.

Meditations are cut short by the reveillé. Sleepy heads rise from pillows, thirty-six little figures jump out of bed with more or less alacrity, and then follows a silence for prayers. When the last boy has risen from his knees, there is a patter of feet to the lower end of the dormitory, and thirty-six white-skinned boys are splashing in the cold-water plunge. But only for a very short time. No dawdling is allowed. The cadet captain, one of the older boys, sees to that.

From the moment the cadet turns out of his dormitory, with the last button buttoned and his hair brushed, to the moment he puts his head on his pillow again, he leads a life in which work and play follow each other in smart succession. No loafing is possible. The morning is invariably spent on books or engineering, or both. Two hours and a half after lunch is spent on games and recreation, more work between 4:30 and 7, then tea, bed at 8:35. The boys put in seven or eight hours' work a day, including the time in the engineering shops.

When at the "shops," the boys put on brown overalls, which are more than necessary for the protection of their clothes. I have seen Prince Edward going through the blacksmith's course, his face flushed and with a smutty smear across his cheek, where a grimy little hand has brushed across it. The boys wear flannels a great part of each day—white flannel trousers and soft-collared flannel shirts with their uniform reefer coats. By tea-time, however, every boy is in his blue serge again, with linen shirt and stiff collar. When the boy is not at class work with civilians, he is in touch with one or other naval officer; a lieutenant is told off especially to look after one group of the boys; he superintends their games, and talking to him gives them a glimpse into the life in front of them once they are at sea. Thus they get to know the circumstances of life in the China seas, and how to test the blade of the sword which forms part of their outfit; they hear at first hand what happened in that row in the Persian Gulf, or what the English bluejackets did off Messina at the time of the earthquake. They go through a course of naval history; they handle boats from the time they are able to swim; the flagstaff in front of the college, with its accompanying rigging, accustoms them to ropes; and they go a cruise on a man-of-war during their first term. Thus, though their training is on land, there is no chance of their forgetting that they are preparing for a life at sea.

The regulations as to pocket-money are very strict. A shilling a week is paid out to them on Saturdays, and whatever a cadet takes back on his return from leave has to be banked, and can be taken out only in small sums. I believe that Prince Edward has been known to be so short of cash that he has had to borrow a penny for a Sunday collection! This is a far more suitable arrangement than that prevalent at Eton, where boys have the handling of far too much money, some even having check-books and large sums of money at their disposal. Leave, too, is very sparingly doled out. Cadets may go out with parents any Sunday afternoon, but not more than once a fortnight with friends, and then 6:30 or 8 is the latest they may stay out.

PRINCE EDWARD—NAVAL CADET

With all these regulations the young princes have to comply, like the rest of their world. On one occasion their parents, then Prince and Princess of Wales, were spending a few days in the Isle of Wight, and the princes got the leave granted to all the cadets, from 2 to 6:30—no more; as the recall was hoisted, two little dark-blue figures came hurrying across the fields, back to duty, back to work; there was no thought of extension of leave or any special favor, "just for this once!"

Walking through the gymnasium, one sees lithe-limbed youngsters swarming up ropes, scaling ladders, and generally "letting off steam." Here is a little chap vigorously punching a ball, getting very pink in the face as he pounds away. Suddenly conscious that he is being watched, he turns and sees us. It is Prince Edward. He throws us the shy side-glance he has inherited from his mother, and then turns to take up some other form of active exercise.

Sunday is known by various outward and visible signs, such as half an hour longer in bed, a special uniform reserved for that day and state occasions. But I think it can safely be assumed that it is also a day of "inward and spiritual grace." The care that is exercised by authorities in the choice of captain, commander, officers, and masters has also been exercised in the choice of a chaplain. At Osborne the "padre," as he is affectionately called, is a man beloved by officers and boys alike. He has striven to make their church services a reality and their religion part of their every-day life.

During Prince Edward's first year of school life there came to him the sad experience of the nearness and suddenness of death. A boy in his own dormitory died after a few days' illness, and as the little Prince, with the rest of the boys of his "term," followed the gun-carriage bearing the body of their comrade, pacing with slow step and downcast head, the solemnity of the occasion must have weighed on his young mind.

The first two years of his training over, the second stage of Prince Edward's career began; he went on to Dartmouth College, which as a training school has superseded the old Britannia. Here, on the steep wooded banks of the lovely little river Dart, stands the huge building, too elongated to be beautiful, but well built and a splendid training-ground for England's sailor lads. It is "steps up and steps down, steps everywhere and all day long," so one cadet described it. The College faces the south, looking out over the two little towns of Kingswear and Dartmouth, groups of clustering red roofs on either bank of the river. There is but one bend of the river between them and the open sea. The next turn in their lives will bring the boys to the open sea too; it is waiting for them, almost in sight—the open sea, with its loneliness, its beauty, its dangers, and its joys.

Prince Edward's first Devonshire winter proved him a good cross-country runner, and the boy was among the keenest for a run with the beagles. The College has its own pack, hunted by the Commander, and the whips are chosen from among the cadets, who mostly follow on foot. Sturdy of limb and sound of wind have those to be who follow for miles up and down those Devonshire hills, and as one sees the field coming back after a long wet run, covered with mud, disheveled, and very hungry, one is consoled by the thought that there is a sturdy stock still to man the ships which are England's hope and pride.

Prince Edward was past fifteen when he was prepared for his confirmation. This was intrusted to the chaplain at Dartmouth, and wisely so, for, besides his earnest devotion to his profession, he was the one person who had been most in touch with the boy for months, in his week-day divinity teaching and in Sunday services; he knew the incidents of his every-day life, and would be far better able to appeal to the best side of his boy nature.

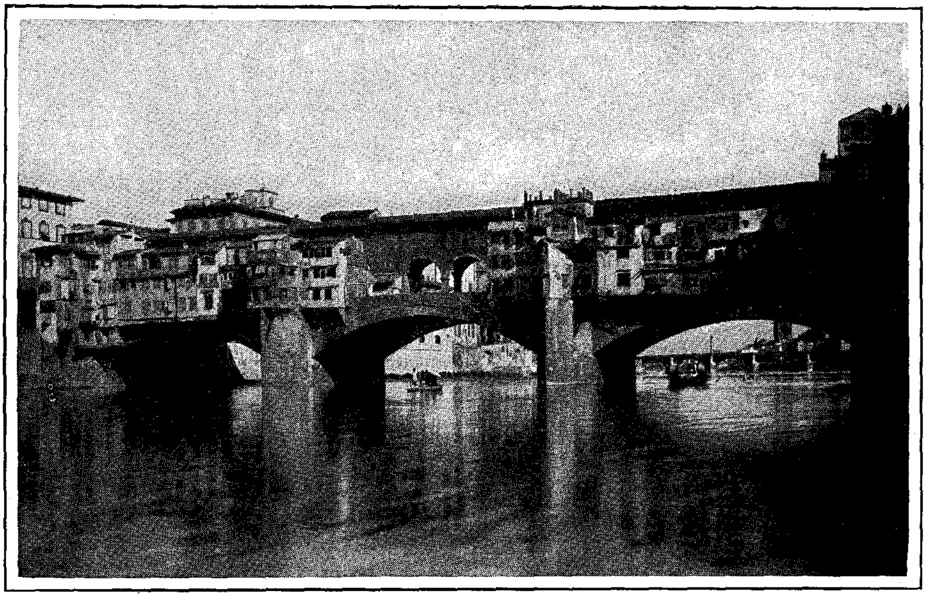
Those who were present in St. George's Chapel at Windsor and saw the little kneeling figure of the boy and the uplifted hands of the Archbishop against the somber background of ancient carving in the mellow light of the stained-glass windows felt that this was no mere formal state function; they knew that earnest prayers were rising from many hearts for blessings on the head of this child who might some day be called upon to bear much and strive much, and whose life must, of necessity, be fraught with responsibility and anxiety above that of his fellows.

The death of Edward VII, as his grandson was approaching his sixteenth birthday, brought the boy a step nearer these great responsibilities. But once the imposing funeral was over, back the Prince went to work. Some changes were made in his curriculum; less time was given to technical seamanship, more to political history and modern languages.

The Prince's democratic education, of which I have tried to give some idea, had a democratic finish. In the middle of his last term he and his brother both went down with the measles, of which an epidemic broke out. There were no serious consequences to either Prince Edward or his brother, and, like any normal school-boy, they no doubt congratulated themselves on the break in the work, the pleasant convalescence, and the delightful unexpected holiday for sick leave.

Time only can show the result of this education, but its humanizing influence none can question. Those who govern must be in the closest touch with those they govern. They must be able to put themselves in the place of those whom legislation is to benefit, and they must be able to look at things from the point of view of the ordinary citizen.

That was the lesson conveyed by that most fascinating book of Mark Twain's, "The Prince and the Pauper;" and what the Prince Edward of those days learned in a very hard school Prince Edward of to-day is learning by ordinary human intercourse.


PONTE VECCHIO

My Old Bridge

By Gardner Teall

PONTE VECCHIO! How the name of this old bridge rings in the memory of one's Florentine days, like the silvery-toned bells over there where Giotto's marvelous tower rises from its bed of granite! Here you stand within cool shadows of the arcade that looks up the Arno towards the Ponte alle Grazie and off over the lovely cypress-covered hills of San Miniato. Below you the running stream seems to be gurgling aqueous *stornelli*, such as the young *contadini* sing on their way home through the Porta Romana—Fra Lippo Lippi sang them too:

> "Fiore sfrontato,
> Giglio del Arno!"

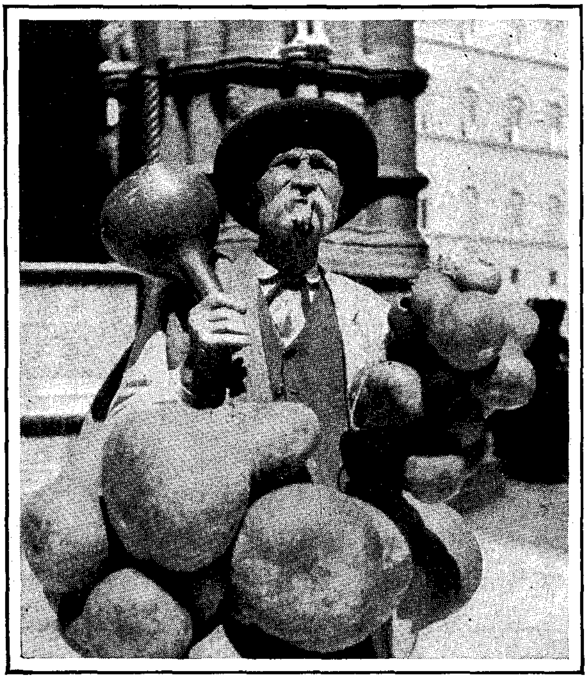
The waters ripple along just as they did some seventeen hundred years ago, when the King of Armenia's first-born, a soldier under Decius, defied the Emperor's edict against Christianity and suffered martyrdom there in the great forest that once stood near by. Only yesterday old Marietta was telling you of the miracle that set Miniato's head upon his shoulders again and breathed life into his body until he had crossed the stream (perhaps at the very ford below you) and had climbed up the hillside himself, to give up his soul to Heaven at the spot where his church now rises. All that was mortal of the blessed Miniato rests there under the high altar, but you ask yourself what is all that cold marble compared to the memory of his noble life? You are ashamed to recall the careless travelers you have seen galloping up his hill for a duty-peep at the old church, and then, over coffee or an ice in the Piazzale, but a step away (where Michelangelo fought out the Medici), shamelessly declare: "Thank goodness, we've seen that! Don't *you* love these pink cakes?"

"*Pesce, signori! Pesce, signori!*" You turn around, startled out of your reverie. It is Friday; a street peddler is crying his wares—little shimmering fishes which he carries in a great gourd thrown over his shoulder. He weighs them out carefully with funny Shylock-like scales, heavy with ancientry. You wonder where he gets his gourds, until another cry greets your ears.

"*Zucce, signori! Zucce, signori!*" and you discover the approach of Antonio, the fox-eyed old gourdman, laden down like Atlas of old. There are big gourds and little gourds, gigantic gourds and diminutive gourds, golden yellow, all of them, and glistening in the sun like brazen bowls. Fra Angelico used to keep the powders for his paints in just such receptacles, and you fall to musing on those sweet-faced angels of his in the Uffizi there to your left, just hidden by the arcade. Alas! the *zucca* peddler has descended to more mundane customers! You hear him again, as he calls out from the *Archibusiere*, and catch sight of him as he makes a fine bargain with his crony, the itinerant wine-seller. Perhaps the red carnation Antonio carries in his teeth is just a trick of the trade, a resort to mental suggestion. But you forget all about Antonio and the ambassador of Bacchus, for Pietro, the lavender-man, has caught sight of you, and lazily comes over to your side, his face wreathed in smiles to tempt your *centesimi* from you with little parcels of the sweet-flowered herb, ingeniously folded into rattle-like forms. You and this Pietro have become good friends. He once cheated you out of a *soldo*, and neither of you had forgotten it. This was the first day you had come across him, and you went all the way back to the Leoni, where, on the steps of San Firenze, Pietro and his old mother had their headquarters, and sat sorting and tying up their sweet lavender; they are there still. You remember how you made him disgorge, and how your extraordinary *lingua* (acquired by forcing conversation upon cab-drivers and custodians) had impressed him with the fact that he was dealing with no ordinary *forestiere*. Then you recall how horrified you were to discover that you had come away with *two* rattles of *lavanda*, which you had absent-mindedly picked up, and how properly chagrined you were when Pietro discovered it too, and came after you to exact reimbursement. He thought you were "hooking" to get even with him, and you couldn't prove that you were not! At any rate, amid much gesticulation, you had it out; since then, because he thinks you a sharp one, you have decorated the pinnacle of Pietro's esteem, and his smile this sunny morning tells you he has not forgotten it. But he leaves you too, and for long afterwards his droning "*Lavanda, signori! Lavanda, lavanda, signori!*" can be heard down the street.

Just over there to the right runs the Via de' Bardi—Romola's street! How often her feet touched these stones! And hither, too, came Nello, the barber; Bratti, the ironmonger; Brigida, the dear old simpleton; and poor little Tessa! Were they not real, after all?

Even in their day this old bridge you love to idle along was a bit of the heritage of tradition. The Romans—perhaps the Etruscans before them—had a crossing here; indeed, the Ponte Vecchio has been the most persistent of all the Florentine bridges. Flood-time after flood-time it was carried away in the olden days. At last Taddeo Gaddi was called upon to try his hand with it, about the time Giotto was



"LADEN DOWN LIKE ATLAS OF OLD"

building his tower. What a sense of thrill it gives you to feel the fourteenth century under your very foot! Giotto would have had the building of the bridge for himself, but that he was away at the time, in Milan. The Florentines were tired of shivering at the memory of the great flood of 1333, which had thrown down the castle of Altrafronte, and had carried away the Rubaconte, the Ponte Vecchio, and the Santa Trinità—a flood which had made a dismal puddle of everything, to the utter discouragement of the citizens, and so they were delighted with Taddeo's bridge.

As you look over the parapet down on the stream below you, you wonder how the trickling bucketful, now barely moistening the middle course of the river-bed, could ever have caught them without warning! Even yesterday a little old lady fled from her *pensione* to the hills of Vallombrosa because some traveler had frightened her with stories of the Arno at low stream. You tried to laugh away her fears, but her apprehension of pestilence would permit no allaying; so you found yourself laughing at fever scares, and sitting alone for the *colazione* now—summer in Florence does not seem to attract foreign visitors, and perhaps you are glad of it, for there is nothing more sure to happen than your considering yourself immune to confusion with tourist classes after a strong attachment to a place has led you to find yourself still in it months longer than any other visitor you have come across.

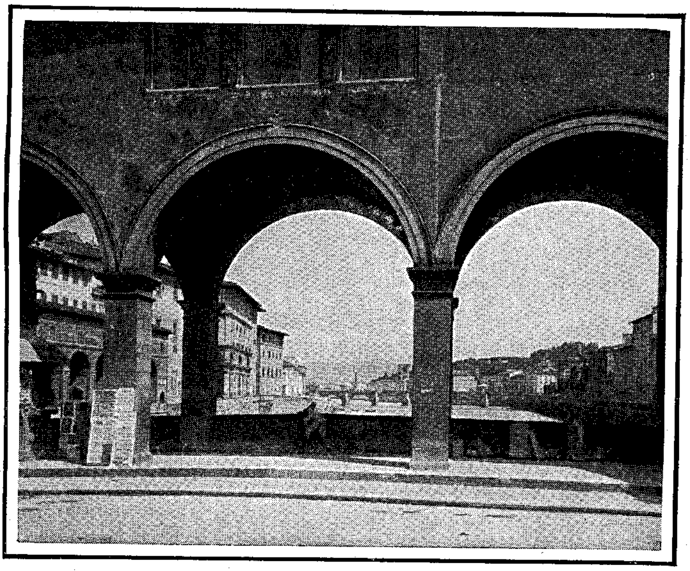
In fact, you find summer in Florence delightful, exquisite. "City of Flowers!" you exclaim to yourself. Then why avoid it when the pomegranate is scarlet in the courtyard, the broom golden on the hillside, and the rose fragrant in every garden? No, you are just discovering that Florence in summer-time *is* Florence.

Suddenly a group of apprentices in apron-frocks comes scampering along; one of them trips up on a citron *scorza*, and tips over the others. They fall at your feet in a tangled mass of Tuscan boyness.

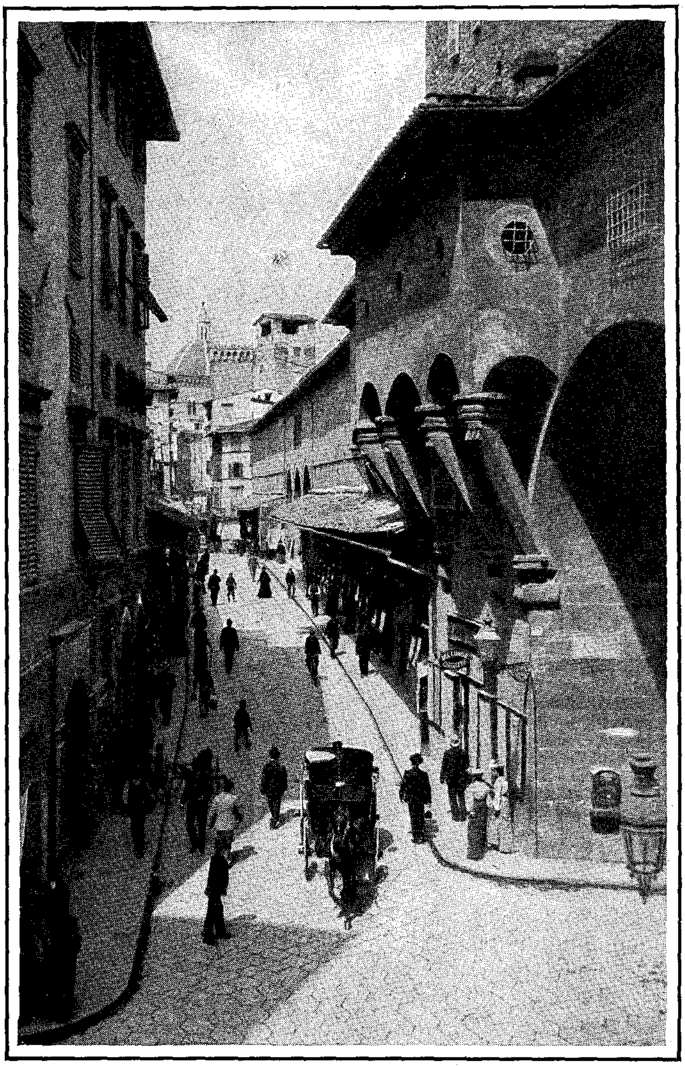
"*Scusi, signore!*" they cry in apology. No matter how humbly born, your Italian boy in his own land lacks taint of rowdiness, and his fun is that which springs from the kindly heart. So you help to pick them up, and they scramble on their way, calling back:

"*Mille grazie, signore!*"

Perhaps you may even coax them to stand before your camera, and, if you do, you will find yourself wondering which one of them might perchance look like the boy Cellini, whose bust is directly in front as you turn towards the Ponte Santa Trinità. Benvenuto Cellini! Here he worked, adventured, and yarned! There's the house they tell you his very shop was in—there at your right, one of the curious old tile-roofed stone houses that line the length of the Ponte Vecchio, as the old wooden houses once lined the sides of London Bridge. There is the tablet to his memory, and, as like as not, you will discover a bill posted up on the



HERE YOU STAND WITHIN THE COOL SHADOWS OF THE ARCADE THAT LOOKS UP THE ARNO TOWARD THE PONTE ALLE GRAZIE outside wall to remind you that "The Mikado" has at last reached the operatic stage of the pleasure-loving Florentines! You almost feel that Cellini would have longed to see it, would have had a merry time over the flights of Pooh-Bah. Instead he had to content himself with the masques of the Medici.



"JUST OVER THERE TO THE RIGHT RUNS THE VIA DE' BARDI—ROMOLA'S STREET. HOW OFTEN HER FEET TOUCHED THE STONES"

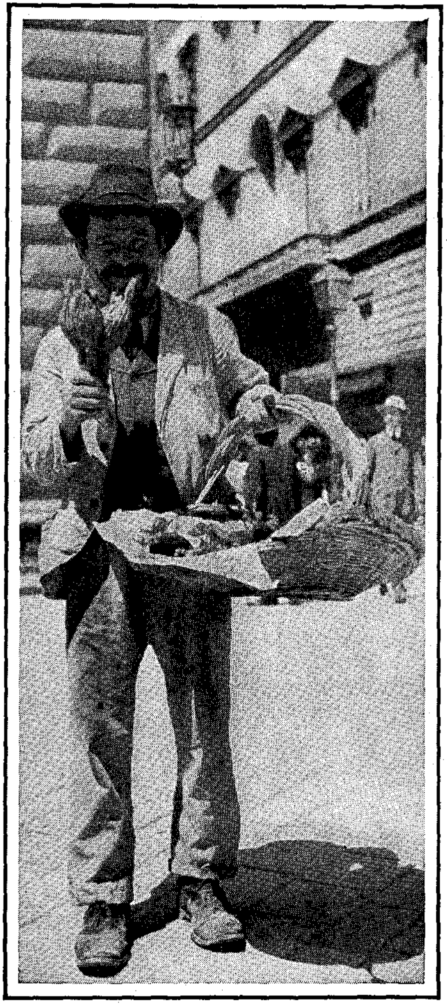
Before Benvenuto's day all these houses on the old bridge—twenty-two on each side—were turned over to the butchers for a rental of eight hundred gold florins. To the butchers! As though it had not run red enough with the blood of the Buondelmonti, who had jilted a fair daughter of the Amidei for the sake of Monna Donati. Over the Ponte Vecchio the faithless one passed on his snow-white palfrey, his proud head high in the air, until the dagger of Oderigo Fifanti brought it to the dust at the foot of the statue of Mars that once stood there in a niche where a Bacchus now strives to make you forget that the waters of the fountain below it ever ran to a stream of crimson.

No wonder Marietto Albertinelli (who had forsaken art for an innkeeper's more profitable vocation, at the Sign of the Dragon, at the other end of the bridge, and had declared he had discovered an art, not of imitating flesh and blood, but of creating it) soon deserted his materialism and returned to his painting, disgusted with the baseness of the butchers about him. Old Pietro Perugino, and likewise Ridolfo Ghirlandaio, went thither to him to have their portraits painted, and never once to his dying day did Albertinelli cease to repent his commercial venture among the veal-handlers.

As you saunter across to the Trinità side you catch a sight of the old tower of the Palazzo Mannelli. Thither Boccaccio frequently found his way on his visits to Messer Francesco. Here, too, was the old Hospice of the Knights of Malta, where Aristo stayed, and where his eyes first fell upon Alessandra Bennucci; but they cannot make one forget the tragedy of poor Buondelmonte di Buondelmonti:

> "O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti
> Le nozze sue per gil altrui conforti!
> Molti sarebbei lieti, che son tristi,
> Se Dio t'avesse conceduto ad Ema
> La prima volta ch' a città venisti."

Thus Dante sorrowed over it, and his lines made the story live.



"LAVANDA, SIGNORI!"

A little golden charm that has dangled from your watch-chain — you bought it once in Naples—is being mended next door in Settepassi's shop, and you are glad Duke Cosimo I drove out the brawling butchers and made way for the gentlemanly goldsmiths at double the rental! That was over three hundred years ago, and here they are, these artist-artisans, come into their own, still making the most exquisite things known to goldsmithery.

That same Duke Cosimo conceived the extraordinary scheme of building a covered passage from the Uffizi, on one side the river, across to the Pitti, a long way up the Via Guicciardini on the other. The people laughed at the idea—politely and to themselves, of course, as heads were useful things to retain—but Messer Giorgio Vasari (nice, gossipy, jack-of-all-trades Giorgio, he of the delectable "Lives") planned the thing the Duke wanted, and there it is, running above your head like a Bridge of Sighs stretched out by some architectural Titan to the length of a fifteen minutes' stiff walk!

Duke Cosimo used to come down to the Ponte Vecchio every day to watch the progress of the work and to enjoy the discomfiture of the erring wiseacres. One wonders if he remembered that just here, where now you are standing, he had met the beautiful Camilla Martelli, the jeweler's daughter, who became his wife. Poor lady! She was overly ambitious; finally they shut her up in the convent of the Murate, where she made herself so thoroughly disagreeable that the nuns there offered *novenas* to be rid of her. Then they shut her up in Santa Monica, only allowing her to come forth once, just for the marriage of her daughter Virginia to Cesare d'Este. The bridge was in festal attire, and gleamed like a gem-incrusted diadem with a thousand torches that night. Poor Camilla—*her* bridge, the bridge that had cradled her when she ran around, a barefooted little girl, and played in and out among the shops of her father's friends! Once she had fastened around her little throat a golden necklace they were making for the Granduchessa — oh, the yoke! the millstone!

You turn back to the shaded side again, and a *cocchiere* draws up his Rosinante-like steed and tries to tempt you to an excursion in the blazing noontime. You firmly decline these allurements to finish at Fiesole, for, if any place *is* hot, it *is* Fiesole until the afternoon is well set in. No, you hang over the parapet again, and watch the antics of those little urchins down there who are trying to wade from one pebbly shore to the other.

Presently a tourist, togged in sweltering cheviot, duplex field-glasses (dangling incased from a belt-like shoulder-strap), a helmety headgear of cork and canvas, a walking-stick of olive wood green-patterned with pistachio, and a voice like Pluto's, will poke you in the back with a sharp-cornered Murray and shout in your ear:

"PESCE, SIGNORI!"

"Look here—I say! *Does* this lead to a chemist's?"

You will turn your bewildered self towards the speaker.

"What's the matter? This is the Ponte Vecchio!"

"I dare say, my dear sir. But the sun has made me fearfully dizzy. Look here—I say! Do you think that is a chemist's?"

You recover.

"No," you reply, assuring him that it is a place where gold beads only are to be found. Then you take his book away from him long enough to look up his chemist under "Shops."

"Upon my word!" is his exclamation. "Obliged! Really! I wouldn't have thought of it myself, dare say!"

Poor gentleman! That headache came from his mad desire to get sightseeing thoroughly done with, all in a lump, by checking off externals as they popped up, so there would be no skeletons left in the closet of his travels.

How they rush through! They stop on your old bridge to buy the dazzling trinkets you scarcely give eye to. What do *they* know about the Ponte Vecchio! Ah, if only they did know! There was that story old Don Rufino was telling you just the other day about the Lady Dinora. You stroll across the bridge, recalling it, and turn towards the spot. Hereabouts, according to Don Rufino's tale, stood the old chapel of Santa Maria Sopra l'Arno, now destroyed by the new quay of the Lung' Arno Torrigiani. It was on the wall of this chapel that another and more fortunate one of the Buondelmonti, Ippolito, placed a tablet commemorating his escape from the hangman's cord. He had loved, wooed, and secretly married the lovely Dinora de' Bardi, daughter of his own family's deadliest enemy. Thither across the Ponte Vecchio he would steal in disguise. But, alas! one night a kinsman of the Bardi saw him climbing by a rope ladder to the fair Dinora's window. The guard surprised and caught him, and the tribunal condemned him to death as a robber. Well had he kept the secret of his marriage. As they led him forth with rope around his neck he asked to be granted the boon of being led across the old bridge and past the palace of the Bardi. This was conceded, and as the little procession went by, Donna Dinora, looking down, beheld her young husband in his unhappy plight. Rushing down, she threw herself before his jailers and declared that she was his wife. Instantly they freed the brave Ippolito, and so, after centuries of feud, the Buondelmonti and the Bardi became friends.

Don Rufino loves these old stories, but

I think he likes best the one about the Duke of Athens. That happened before the old Palazzo de' Bardi also. It seems the Duke was subject to recurrent fits of terror regarding attempts he imagined were always being made upon his person. So it happened that he hired a score of ungodly *bravos* to go around stabbing such persons as he imagined had mischief against him stored up in their heads. They were always hanging around the Palazzo de' Bardi, these *bravos*, finding it a convenient hiding-place to spring out from upon their victims, much to the distress of the priests in the little chapel next door. So one, Father Antonio by name, hid himself in an old sarcophagus that was placed in the wall, and at the proper moment appeared like a ghostly vision to the assassin band of the Duke of Athens. They fled to their master in terror, believing the ghost of some dead Bardi had risen in his wrath against them. From that day on the Duke could get no one to go a-stabbing for him. How Don Rufino would chuckle over this story! Here you see him coming, and he stops to have a little chat with you, and to tell you about his lovely farm at Borga alla Collina, away up in the valley of the Casentino, where Dante once sought refuge, where the River Arno springs clear from the mountain streams, the nightingales lift their glorious throats at eventide, and the ghosts of the Conti Guidi still ride to the chase at the hour of midnight.

You can walk along with Don Rufino, loth to leave your Ponte Vecchio lingering—or you would be for any other cause. You stop at Gambrinus's for a refreshing cup of chocolate, and, behold! there you run into your chance acquaintance of the morning again!

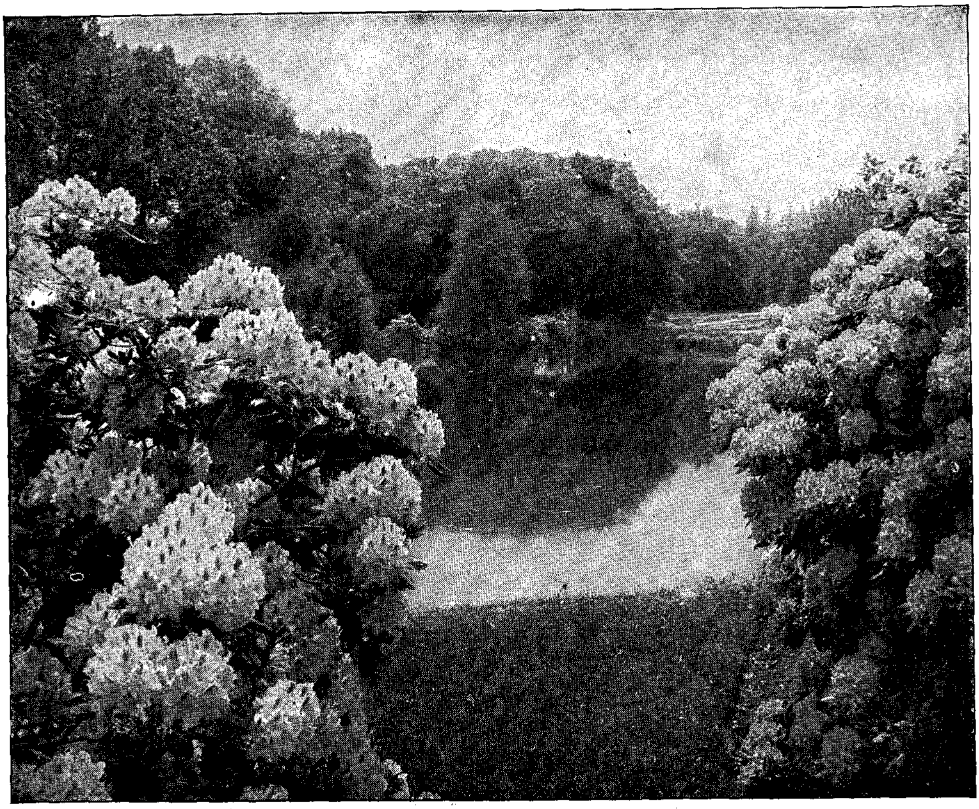
"My word!" he will exclaim, "I say, we *do* meet pretty often! I *found* the chemist's, thank you. Beastly stuff! Such a rum day! I fancy I should have been perfectly ill or something if I hadn't happened to run across you standing there on that—how-do-you-call-it? But I've done all the churches and the galleries, and I go on to Pisa to-morrow; I dare say I shall like it better; Byron did. And then this confounded headache, you know!" He will nibble at his *pane* like a weary rabbit over a too-sufficient cabbage, and you will remain impressively silent.

"Look here, now," the dauntless one will probe, "I say, what on earth were you doing down there in all that sun this morning? My word! I don't see what you found in it! Rum place!"

You cannot expect him to see what you found in it; he never could see! But, oh, how you love the old bridge! What it all means to you! What stories it has to tell, and what secrets it has to disclose!

"No," you whisper to yourself, "there is no corner in the world just like my little nook on the Ponte Vecchio!" And you will wish others might know what the little red books, bristling with their conveniently generous stars, can never just tell them, can never reveal to them. You know what shy things, after all, are these *genii loci.* They will not hop out, like the sprites from Pandora's box, just because you have taken a peep beneath the cover of Herr Baedeker's *vade mecum;* you must coax them forth, love them, and you must be kind to them. Perhaps for one of you it will be Giotto's tower, for another it will be old Santa Croce, or the Casa Guidi—Mrs. Browning's windows; but for me it is Ponte Vecchio—that is, Florence—yesterday's, to-day's, to-morrow's! *My* Florence, my old bridge!

WHICH ONE OF THEM MIGHT PERHAPS LOOK LIKE THE BOY CELLINI?



THE SPECTATOR ON SEVEN GARDENS

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS E. MARR

SEVEN gardens in a week is very near the world's record, the Spectator modestly believes—and to see them in June, too! Any garden in June is doing its best, and these seven were not exceptions. The Spectator is not an expert; his own garden is only the survival of the fittest, with an occasional "sport" that flourishes by sheer good luck. But, perhaps for that very reason, he loves the ordered sweets of those who have attained—the fragrant borders, the embowered vases, the delightful sun-dials, the music of dropping water, the rose arches and vine-hung pergolas, and all the rest of the pomps and prides of the really successful gardener. Also he appreciates the generosity of all good garden possessors; for there seems to be something hospitable in the very nature of a true garden, so that it becomes part of the heritage of the community, and is open, if not always, at least at stated seasons when it is loveliest, to the feet of the ordinary wayfarer.

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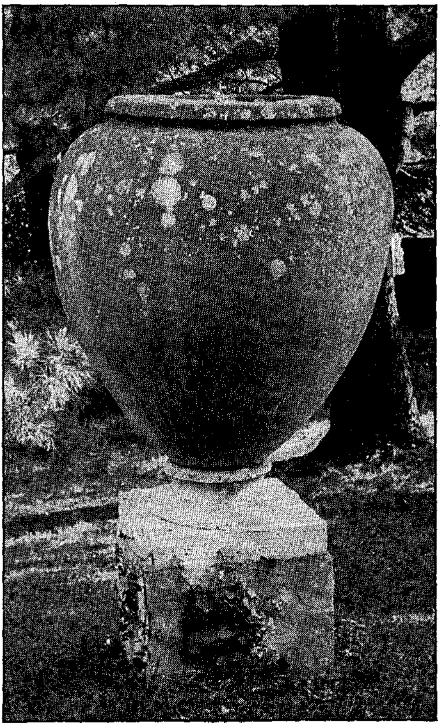
The seven gardens were all set, like living jewels, on the spokes of the Hub. Once a year, in all its June glory, the Sargent garden, in Brookline, gives welcome to the whole city of Boston, and the whole city comes in force, or so it seems. No lovelier gift is made to a community each year than this gift of overflowing beauty, at its very highest, poured out before all eyes. It is the time when the rhododendrons of Holm Lea, rising in vivid drifts of bloom around the lake, lie glowing under the blue sky like a heap of rose and purple sunset clouds left over until next day. The Spectator, walking amidst the crowd down the narrow, deep-shaded path that leads in from the public road under the great trees, heard around him "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of delight as the rhododendrons in all their splendor came into sight, mirrored in the water with a doubled spread of color. Out in the lake the pond-lilies were moored, each pink or white and gold cup breathing out fragrance on the summer air. The Spectator came upon the rock-garden, carpeting the steep stony rise to the left, and there he stayed, letting the crowd go by over the broad lawns, under the magnificent trees, each a specimen one, toward the famous azaleas and wistarias on the verandas of the house, prepared for their yearly levee.



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For the rock-garden was a sufficiency in itself. There were columbines and maidenhair, Solomon's-seal and bloodroot, pansies and violets, bleeding-heart and bluebells, saxifrage and sedums, and countless other woodsy, old-timey flowers, all tucked away in rock borders or half hidden under boulders or spreading thick beneath the slender trees. At every step a new old acquaintance was found, that had the natural air of having grown there entirely of its own accord. As it is the highest function of art to conceal art, this garden showed the master-hand. The azaleas and wistaria perhaps belonged to a lower æsthetic plane, and yet, when the Spectator reached the verandas, he was fairly dazzled by their sumptuous appeal. "Some of them are thirty years old," a man behind him in the crowd remarked. "That rose-pink azalea and the white pyramidal one in front of it have been shown every year as far back as I can remember. Did you ever see anything as radiant and as perfect? Just sheets of pure color!" As for the wistaria trees—for they were nothing less, each straight and tall, with pendulous showers of white or purple fragrance—they outdid Japan. These are the rarest treasures of Holm Lea, cherished in its conservatories year after year, but exhibited in their glorious masses every June to all who come.

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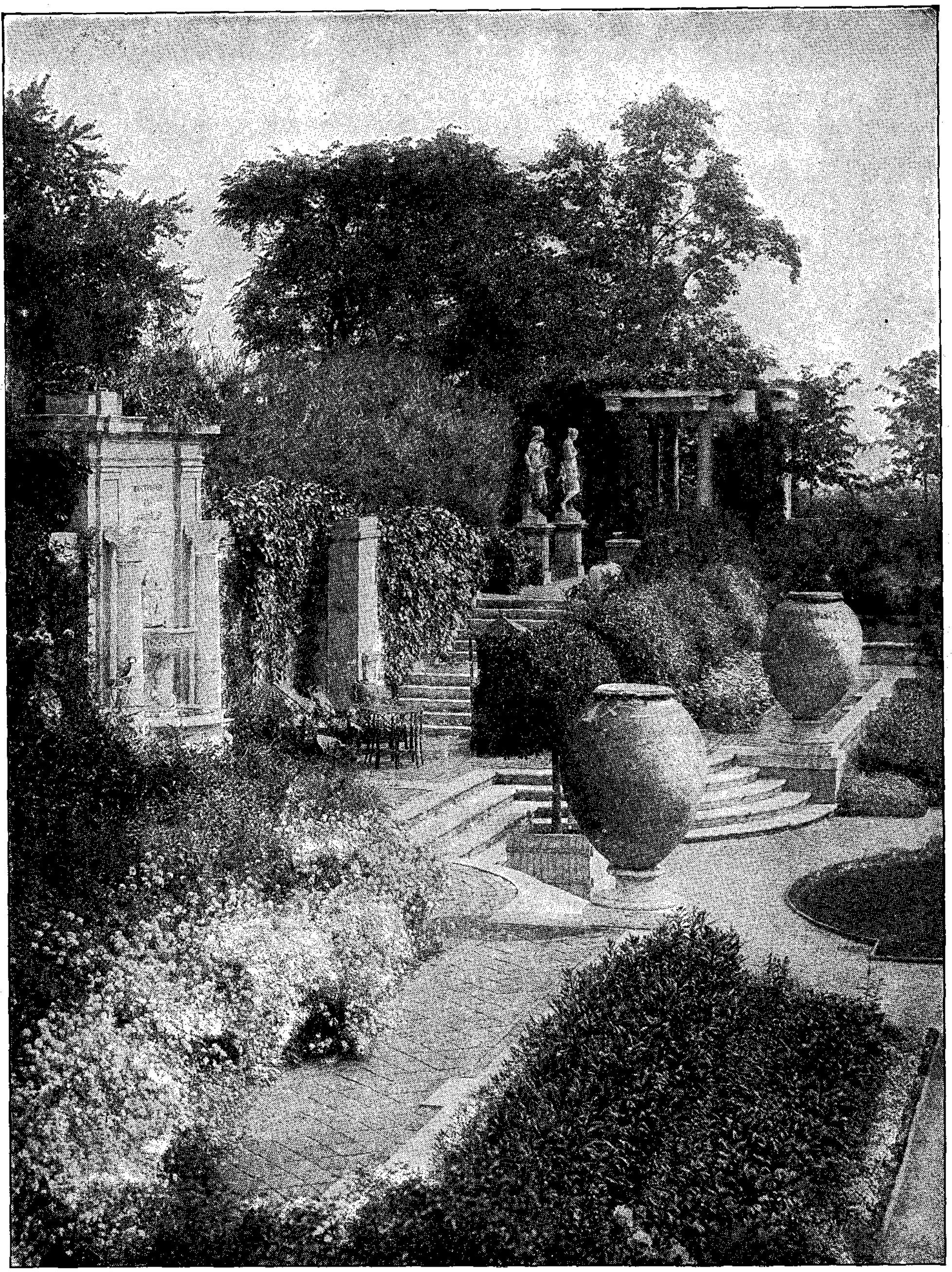
Not far away the second of the gardens lies inclosed within spacious walls.

THIS GARDEN WAS
MADE IN 1901
AND NAMED WELD

is the inscription on the tablet, lifted high for all to see. Superb, statued, formal, magnificent, its Italian splendors delight the eye. Through an exquisite miniature Japanese garden, with a lofty bronze eagle presiding over its tiny temple, its bridge, its dwarf trees, shaded shrine, and softly flowing waterfall, the path led to a high balustraded terrace where clipped box rioted fantastically. "We clipped that box peacock ourselves," said the owner, proudly showing a noble specimen. The Spectator envied the fun it must have been, being himself attached to box with a passion not reciprocated, so that his plants never grow large enough to clip even into a dicky-bird. Far off, over the balustrade, through a natural vista in the



trees, the sea shone in the sun. "These bronze arrows riveted on the stone point to different lighthouses," the host explained. "There is Minot's, quite plain, you see."

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The garden stretched below, from the spacious pergola at one end (with more clipped box and curious great garden chairs from Marienbad and the Philippines) down past an antique Italian fountain, where four marble mermen held out great baskets of golden flowers above the plashing water, and on between giant bay trees (of a size to be seen nowhere else in

America) and wonderful antique Roman urns on high pedestals, to the stone tablet, flanked by statues half-clad by riotously trailing vines, which overlooked all this ordered beauty from the other end of the quadrangular inclosure. Great festoons of red rambler roses swept in budding luxuriance along one long inner wall, and promised a coming feast of color. Peonies, pink and white, were in full bloom in the beds along the other vine-draped wall, and iris and roses and lupin, each in its place beside the bordered walks. It is a famous garden, and the Spectator will never forget his glimpse of it that June afternoon.

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His third garden is a famous one, too, though less often shown to the public. Its possessor—a woman celebrated for her rare artistic ability—has shaped her garden to loveliness with a sure hand. It lay in the sun—a sun-drenched, flowery, fragrant square of greenery, with antique statues standing sentinel here and there, and long intersecting pergolas, wreathed in grapevines whose perfume mingled with the smell of box in the sun and the fragrance of unnumbered roses. It was a companionable garden—a garden where every flower-bed was loved, and knew it—a garden for poets, and for October days, and for fauns and dryads to hide in, under the festoons of roses that swung before the evergreen tree walls, curtaining this enchanted space doubly from the world. The Spectator tucked the warmth and sun and fragrance and the music of the one quiet fountain of this garden into his memory for use on dreary days in depressing places. That is the deepest value of such a thing of beauty—that it it is a joy forever.

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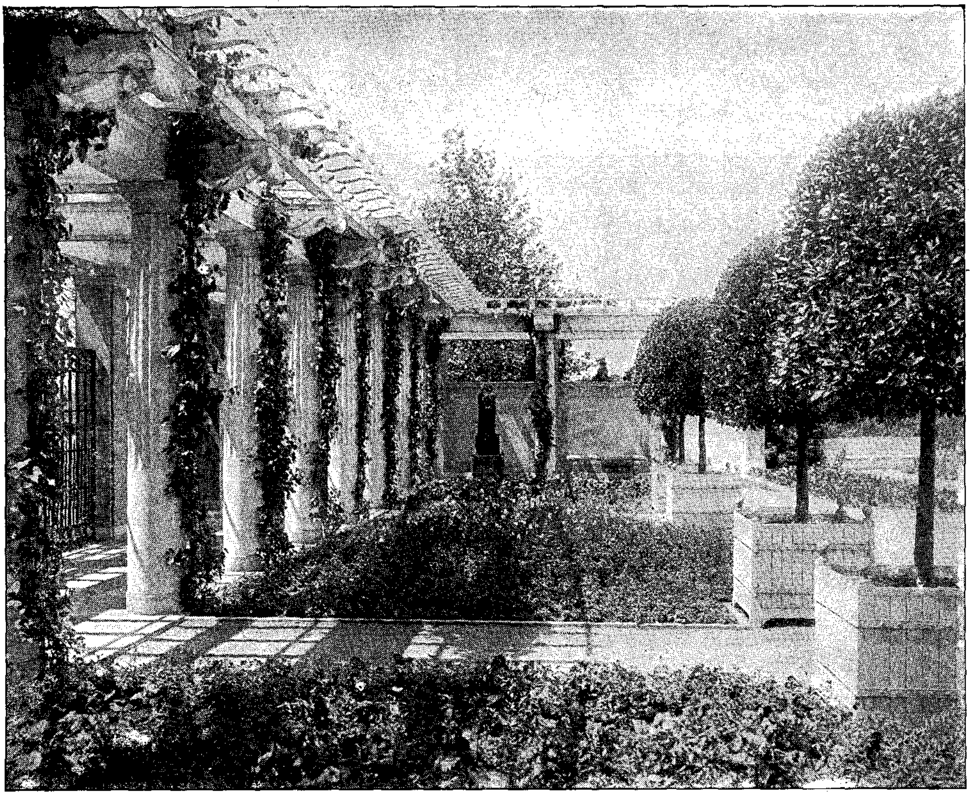
It happened that the old-fashioned garden of Craigie House was the next one opened to the Spectator, and that he had the good fortune to see it when a band of



public school boys and girls were having folk-dancing there, and the playground people not only supervised the frolic but danced too. Simplicity and space form the charm, in great measure, of the Longfellow garden, and the children, as they danced and laughed on the grass, made a joyous picture under the high arching trees on the wide lawn. Masses of old-fashioned white roses were in bloom everywhere, and the white-latticed arbors and beds of old-time flowers were perfect in a way that no modern garden can attain. Such gardens are heirlooms, and they are not made in a hurry—the generations must shape them and must preserve each touch that is given by the years.

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Nevertheless, a garden just made or in the making, like the Spectator's fifth garden, is a well-spring of pleasure for the generation that makes it. This one is on the South Shore, in woods high above the sea, and its creator is an architect who labors at it with his own hands as the best of outdoor recreations. It is, in a fashion, an architectural extension of his charming Italianesque house—or else the house is an extension of the garden, it is hard to tell which. For in no place in the garden did the Spectator lose the consciousness of the house wall and roof as completing the background, nor is there any view of the garden quite as perfect as that from the bay of the architect's study. It is a concrete and stone garden, too, very largely, with terrace on terrace, fountains and flower-borders, mosaic and pebbled floors, glorious Moorish tiles in the wall at the back of the pergola, and endless balustrades and steps. Never since the Spectator made mud pies has he glimpsed such an absorbing enjoyment as all this concrete work must have been, and the fact that the maker stopped at all shows great artistic restraint. One exquisite vista to the far-off sea, between feathery elms, over a quiet water just below the slope, completes the perfection of this truly Italian garden under New England skies.

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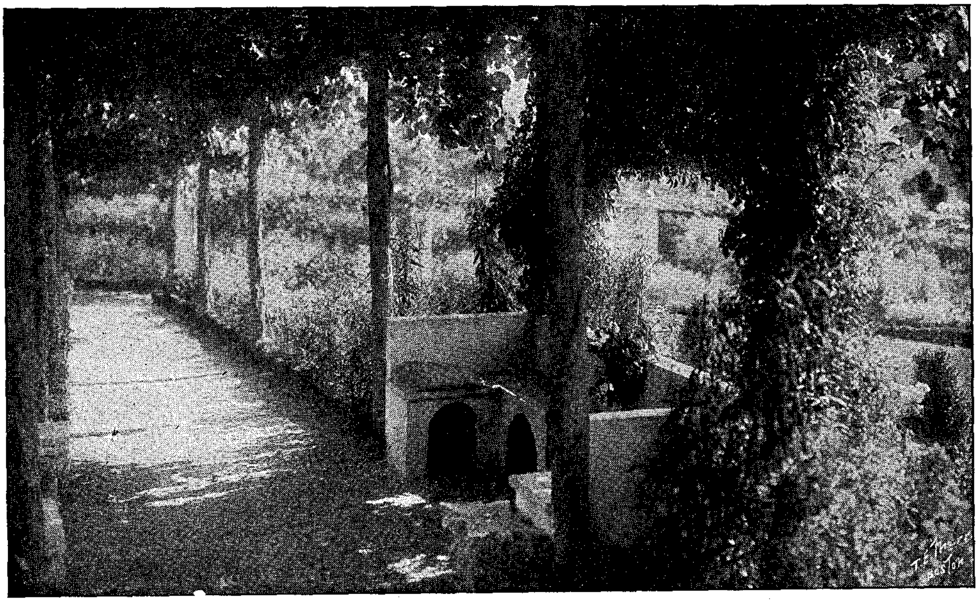
The sixth garden is a South Shore one, too, and is really a transformed tennis court—transformed as if by the wand of Titania into a bower for all the fairies—Peasblossom, Mustardseed, and the rest. The boundary nets are there, but turned into wire and overgrown with pink rambler roses, which twine even around the iron chains that swing in massive curves from post to post. The center net is gone, and a sun-dial with golden hoops stands on a pedestal, to which four box-bordered beds of standard white, yellow, pink, and red roses converge. Beyond these, again, other formal beds lie four-square, set with foxglove and dwarf cosmos, stocks and snapdragons, sweet-william and carnations. A broad strip massed with canterbury-bells blooms against a background of gray rocks and puts a finish on the picture, while the sea gleams at the front, seen between ordered thickets of white and red rugosa roses. The elastic turf of tennis days still remains in the grassy walks of this quaint formal garden—"an honest garden that is not at all ashamed of having been a tennis court," as one of the Spectator's friends puts it.

The last garden is one that the Spectator has come back to over and over again after seeing other gardens, and that, so far, he still loves best of all. It is a garden that it has taken one of his friends twenty-five years to shape, and that is always growing a little lovelier. Between its rocky walls—for Mother Earth herself made it "a garden shut up"—it dwells in sunny peace, sheltered from the sea gales in the hollow of Nature's hand. Every inch of it is loved and toiled over, and from its antique seat and gray sun-dial at one end to its iris-bordered pool and paved terrace at the other it is indeed "a lovesome spot." The coo of its doves in the rose-garlanded pigeon-cote and the trickle of its lazy fountain are sounds full of ineffable peace. It has "infinite riches in a little room," and the joyous procession of the flowers in its borders begins with the first sun of spring and smiles unafraid into the face of winter. Yet—and here is a garden secret common to all the seven, and to all successful ones the world over—there is always a new detail to plan out, a new and crowning touch just ahead. Since the angel with the flaming sword turned our first parents out of the Garden of Eden it has always been man's dream to get back to a perfect garden; and in this pursuit of the ideal lies the supreme allurement of gardening.



A Land of Law and Order

By Elmer E. Ferris

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

"WHEN I moved up into this country from the State of Iowa four years ago," said an Albertan farmer to the writer, "I felt a little dubious about coming into such a new country. But I have been surprised to find that life and property are so safe. When a man commits a crime these mounted police get after him, and they land him, and when he gets into court he gets stuck. They don't allow much monkey work in these Canadian courts. They do the business. Yes, sir, this is a country of law and order."

There is much truth in this statement—a fact quite remarkable when one considers the general conditions in this vast and rapidly developing country. The facts regarding the resources and recent development of Northwest Canada are now a matter of common knowledge. However, it might not be amiss to glance at some of them, as it will serve to give added force to that which follows.

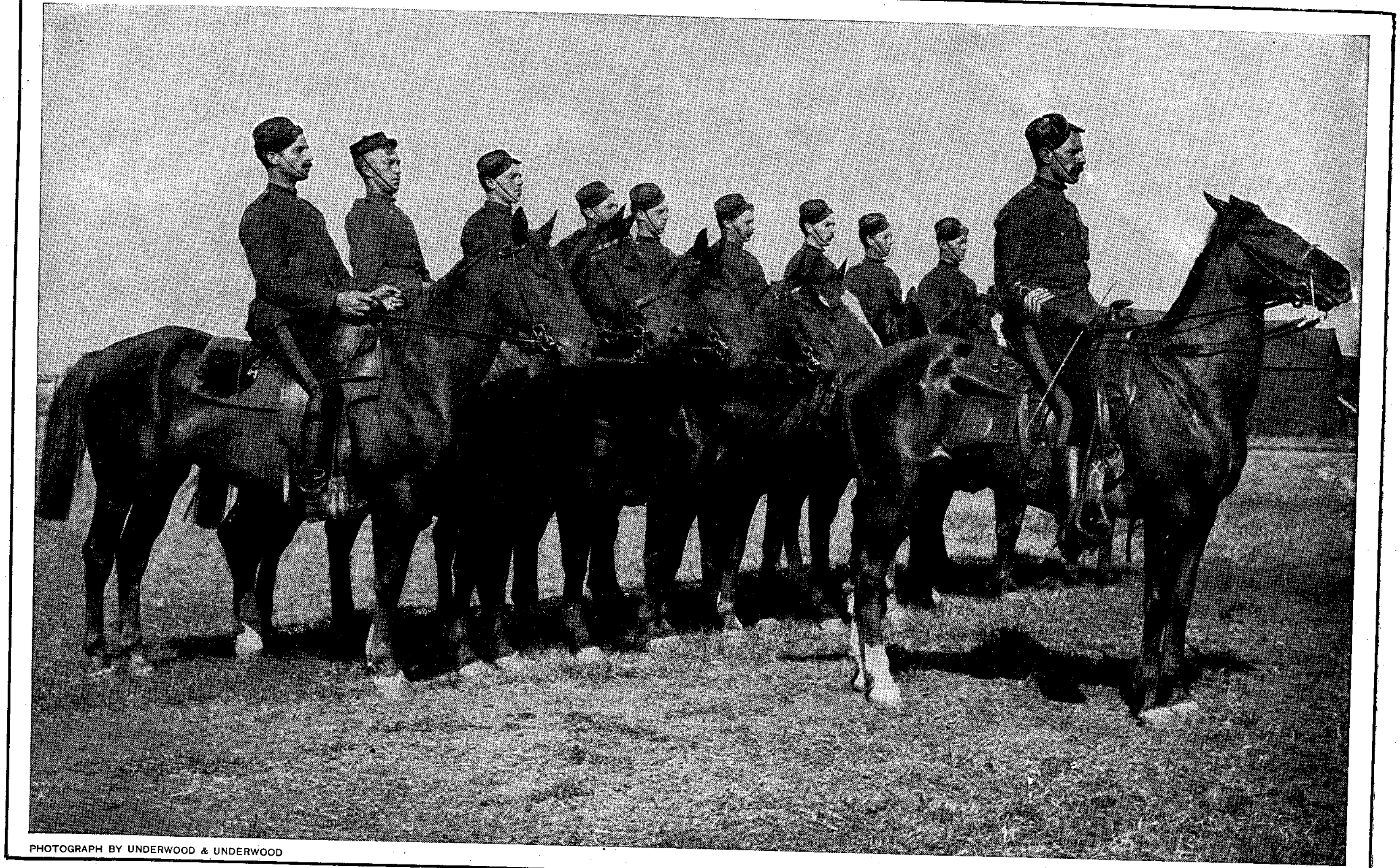
The four western provinces of Canada are Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia. The first three of these are prairie provinces and contain 369,869,898 acres of land.

In 1901 the population of these three provinces was 419,512; in 1905 it was 808,863; in 1909 it was 1,115,000.

In 1901 the total amount of crops produced in the three provinces was 86,403,300 bushels of wheat, oats, and barley. In 1909 it was 401,600,000. All kinds of building and business operations and bank clearances show an equally rapid ratio of increase. Real estate values, especially in the cities, have advanced so rapidly that all sorts and conditions of men have made comfortable fortunes; the same thing may be said of most business enterprises. To be sure, not every one makes money, but prosperity is sufficiently widespread to create a noticeable atmosphere of confidence and buoyancy.

From the moral standpoint, and especially the standpoint of law and order, there are several consequences that would naturally result. The rapid rise of real estate values and quick returns from business ventures engender the speculative, get-rich-quick spirit, which is not very conducive to old-fashioned morality. John Wesley never designated speculation or sudden riches as a means of grace.

The development of a new, prosperous country attracts the adventurous as well as the enterprising. Young unmarried men come West in large numbers. The restraints of former home life and social customs are absent. Under such circumstances it is easy to form habits of drinking and gambling and to fall into other forms of moral looseness. Personal safety and property rights are more or less



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

WHEN A MAN COMMITS A CRIME THESE MOUNTED POLICE GET AFTER HIM—AND *GET* HIM insecure. Society tends toward lawlessness.

Such, however, is not the case in Northwest Canada. Quite to the contrary, it is doubtful if there is any country where person and property are better protected. The Albertan farmer was right when he said that this is a country of law and order.

From the standpoint of crimes of violence the facts are interesting. In 1908 the total number of such offenses committed in the three provinces, including homicide (of which there were seventeen cases), manslaughter, stabbings, cuttings, and assaults of all kinds, was 634. The trial of these cases resulted in the conviction and punishment of 463. The total population of the three provinces being 1,115,000, it will be seen that the total proportion of such crimes to population was exceedingly small, while the percentage of convictions was over 76.

In the matter of burglary, larceny, housebreaking, etc., there were 213 cases, in 181 of which the accused were convicted and punished—making over 84 per cent of convictions.

There were 2,492 cases of frauds, embezzlements, false pretenses, etc., which resulted in 1,917 convictions—over 77 per cent.

These statistics are not by any means the best evidence of the fact. One must travel through the country to appreciate it properly. One finds himself in an atmosphere of respect for law. The people feel safe. They assume that the law will be enforced. The amount of crime and disorder that comes under one's personal notice is so small as to be negligible, and one sees comparatively little of it in the newspapers—at least crime occupies a relatively insignificant part of their space.

Let us consider the matter from the standpoint of the excise laws. One good gauge of the lawfulness of a community or a country is its relative control of the drink traffic. It is often charged that the liquor business is inherently lawless. Courts have often held that it is one which is fraught with danger to the peace and safety of society. Furthermore, it is a business in which the " dollar motive " is apt to be the exclusive one. True, that motive is the animating one in most lines of business, but in ordinary business there is also a certain pride of achievement which is lacking in the liquor business. Men will frankly tell you that they are in it for the money and nothing else. The dollar is a good deal of an anarchist. The pursuit of it, when strenuous enough, is almost certain to grow intolerant of legal restraint.

A business like the liquor trade, which combines these two unfortunate features, an inherent harmfulness and the dollar motive in its baldest aspect, is hard to keep under control.

Northwest Canada is not a temperance Utopia by any means. There is plenty of drinking and drunkenness. The drink problem here, as elsewhere, is one of the dark moral problems. Temperance forces are compelled to be alert and aggressive. But the traveler is struck by the fact that here the law seems to have the business under reasonable control. As an instance, the law requires that bars be closed at seven o'clock Saturday evening and kept closed until seven o'clock Monday morning. Here is interference with " personal liberty " with a vengeance—especially the Saturday evening part of it. But the law is obeyed. In the largest city in the provinces—Winnipeg—it is a tribute to law and order to see the transformation that comes over a bar-room on Saturday evening. When seven o'clock arrives, the busy traffic promptly ceases; the line-up in front of the bar melts away, the doors are closed, and do not open until Monday. There may be—doubtless are—occasional violations of this law, but they are furtive and exceptional. Furthermore, when proprietors are arrested for violating the law, they are almost certain to be convicted and punished. Out of 129 cases of arrest by the Northwest Mounted Police in the year 1909 in the province of Saskatchewan for violation of the excise law, there were 125 convictions. During the same year in Alberta 168 arrests were followed by 158 convictions.

The absence of mob violence and lynchings in this country is another feature. " There hasn't been a lynching in Northwest Canada during the last ten years," said Colonel S. B. Steele, of Winnipeg, to the writer. Colonel Steele has been stationed in Northwest Canada continuously for over thirty years with the exception

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

PROTECTORS OF THE

of the time during which he served in South Africa during the Boer War. He was for many years connected with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and is at present commanding officer at the military barracks in Winnipeg. "A number of years ago," said he, "a Negro killed a white man at Calgary. I was stationed there at the time. A movement was started that looked a little ominous. I went to the leader and talked with him. I said: 'We have this man in charge, and he is going to be brought promptly to trial. If he is guilty he will be punished, but if any attempt is made to mob him I will turn 110 Winchesters upon the crowd that tries it.' No such attempt was made. The Negro was shortly afterward tried, convicted, and executed. The fact is," continued Colonel Steele, "the enforcement of the criminal law up here is always reasonably swift and certain. The people have confidence that the authorities will punish crime. There is no reason why they should interfere, and they do not attempt to do so."

Enough has been said to show that the Albertan farmer was right in saying that this is a country of law and order. The question then arises, What makes it so? What is there about the social organization and the underlying forces of this young civilization that gives it this distinctive feature? It is evident that in the thought of the farmer it was largely due to the efficiency of two institutions, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and the courts. "When a man commits a crime here," said he, "these mounted police get after him, and they land him." Such is

certainly the reputation of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It is an organization that is unique among world-famous constabularies. It is a body of men numbering 651; composed of 51 officers and 600 men, commissioned officers, and constables, with 558 horses. They police a territory composed of the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and the extensive districts of Mackenzie and Keewatin, excluding, of course, the larger cities, which have their own constabulary. The most distant detachment is on the Arctic Ocean, 2,500 miles from headquarters at Regina—a distance that requires two months to travel.

The entire force is under the command of Commissioner A. B. Perry, with headquarters at Regina. The whole territory is divided up into eight districts, each of which is under the charge of a superintendent with headquarters respectively at different important points in the two provinces. At each divisional point there are barracks, a jail, and complete equipment. There are many duties performed by the force in addition to what may be termed regular police duties. They maintain the common jails, escort all prisoners to trial and those who are convicted to the penitentiary, attend upon all criminal courts, serve all criminal processes, escort lunatics to the asylum, etc., etc. They also conduct important patrol expeditions through unsettled and unsurveyed regions, visit the settlers once a month in sparsely settled sections, make investigations and report upon the condition of the natives, the state of immigration, the nature of the soil, crops, etc., in all outlying regions that are beginning to be settled up—all this in addition to their regular police duties.

One gets an idea of the nature and amount of work done in the detection and punishment of crime and the preservation of order from the report of Commissioner Perry; it shows for eleven months of the year 1909 that 6,888 cases of crimes, misdemeanors, and petty offenses were handled by the force, and that convictions resulted in 5,849 cases, being 86 per cent of cases tried. The special reports filed by the divisional superintendents, which go into the facts with more or less detail, are full of interesting cases showing the courage and *esprit de corps* of the force. Let us take one at random. Here is an extract from the report of Superintendent Saunders at Regina:[1]

> C. Marker, horse-stealing: This man was charged last year, allowed out on bail, and failed to appear, a bench warrant being issued.
>
> Corporal Church, of Marienthal detachment, has since been on the lookout, and, although he knew Marker was just across the line in North Dakota, he was waiting an opportunity to effect his arrest in Canadian territory. On September 22 he received word that Marker, with a companion, might cross over looking for stray horses. By using an enemy of Marker's to assist, Corporal Church arranged to intercept him. Riding all night, he met Marker's companion in the early morning of the 23d, who stated Marker was sleeping in a shack two miles south of the line, and would probably cross into Canada about twenty miles further west. Going to this point, Corporal Church and his companion, one Kelly, an American, cached themselves near a trail crossing the boundary. About 10 P. M. of the 23d Marker and the man with him were seen riding over. Corporal Church galloped up to him and ordered him to dismount. He wheeled, drew his revolver, and made for the south. Kelly headed him off and told him he would shoot if he did not stop. Marker's reply was to point and pull the trigger of his revolver, but the cartridge failed. Corporal Church then shot Marker's horse and later captured Marker, making for the line on foot. Hiring a team, the Corporal proceeded with his prisoner along the boundary to the police detachment. Unfortunately the trail at one point crossed the line a few yards, and here Marker made a spring from the wagon and got into a house, slamming the door. To use Corporal Church's words: "I forced the door open and was met by a blow in the eye from Marker, who had taken his spurs off and used them as a weapon. I grappled with him and threw him on the floor, and with assistance tied his feet and hands securely after a good rough and tumble scrap."

Instances of this kind might be multiplied. It is a part of their code never to lose sight of a case, never to show the white feather, never to give up.

The special patrols for purposes of exploration are full of difficulty and danger. As one instance, a patrol across North Canada conducted by Inspector Pelletier, accompanied by one corporal and two constables, in 1908 left Fort Saskatchewan, in Alberta, on June 1, and traveled on foot, on horseback, in canoes, and by dog-train through to Lake Winnipeg, in Manitoba, by way of Athabasca Landing, Great Slave Lake, and Hudson Bay, via Fort Churchill, reaching their destination March 18, after traveling a total distance of 3,347 miles.

The last annual report of Commissioner Perry contains much interesting matter along this line. But whether one bases his estimate upon the reports of the officers and men, or upon his own personal observation, or their general reputation among the people, he will not only agree with the Albertan farmer that "when these mounted police get after a man they land him," but also that they are most efficient factors in the orderly settlement and development of this country.

This is not to say that all the men are equally efficient and faithful. There are exceptions. Now and then a man is discharged for drunkenness, and occasionally there is a desertion. The advance of civilization has a softening influence and tends to lower the *morale* of the force somewhat. But these things have not as yet exerted any serious influence, and the sentence at the close of Commissioner Perry's report fairly puts the case: "I am able to assure you of the devotion of all ranks to their duty."

An efficient constabulary, however, would be of little use without efficient courts back of them. It is useless to arrest and bring malefactors before the court if they are to be turned loose through delay, technicality, or sentimental verdicts. But, as indicated by the statistics already cited, the courts are equally efficient. The statement of the Albertan

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[1] See Annual Report of Commissioner A. B. Perry for 1909.

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

farmer rightly expresses it: "When they get him into court he gets stuck. They don't allow much monkey work in these Canadian courts. They do the business."

It is not hard to understand what he meant by "monkey work." When a criminal case is delayed and continued upon various pretexts until the witnesses for the State are scattered and lost, there is "monkey work;" when the trial of a case develops into a mere contest of wit and skill between shrewd attorneys who succeed in obscuring the issues and misleading the jury, this also is "monkey work." When powerful interests and able attorneys are arrayed upon the side of the defendant and the court begins to strain at legal gnats (such as a misspelled word or the omission of an article or adjective that could not possibly mislead the defendant), but has no difficulty in swallowing legal camels (such as plain principles of justice), this also is "monkey work."

In short, where for any cause technicality usurps the place of justice and cases are made to turn upon points of procedure that have no substantial bearing upon the merits, this is "monkey work."

This state of things, according to our friend already quoted, does not prevail in Canadian courts. Nor is this an isolated opinion. That is the general attitude of Canadian people toward their courts. "It is hard to stampede a Canadian jury," said a prominent citizen of Winnipeg whose wide experience with the courts qualified him to speak. "How is that?" he was asked. "They are well protected," said he. "In the first place, the court shields the jury. Our provincial judges are appointed by the Dominion authorities at Ottawa. Only the best lawyers and men of high character and standing are selected—at least, that has been the rule up to the present time. Under our law the judge has the right to express plainly to the jury his opinion upon the weight of the evidence and the merits of the case. He often does this, especially when circumstances seem to require it. The jurors are not bound by the opinion of the judge in matters of fact, but they have great respect for the court's opinion. Then, too, the judges do not allow trifling by the lawyers or unfair tactics—that is, they hold them well in hand and keep the main points before the jury. Our juries are also protected by their own bringing up. They are raised in an atmosphere of respect for the law. You may have noticed the reverence for law on the part of the people here. It is something intangible, but real, just the same. The average jury has enough reverence for law and justice to make it hard to stampede it by an appeal to passion or prejudice. If you will go into our courts or examine our criminal statistics, you will find plenty of corroboration of what I say."

It is probably true that, as a rule, Canadian judges hold a firm control over the proceedings. The impression one gains from visiting their courts is that justice has the right of way. True, there is technicality. Orderly procedure necessarily involves that. There are motions, demurrers, objections, continuances, changes of venue, appeals, reversals, new trials. Canadian courts are "near English" enough to have a high regard for legal punctilio. The common law of England is the common law of Canada, hence rules, customs, precedents, hold a large place. But—and here is the crux of the whole matter—these things are subordinate to justice.

Conceding the efficiency of the courts and the constabulary, this does not fully answer our question There is a deeper cause for these conditions than efficient organizations. Organizations are only machines. They are not self-operative. They depend for their efficiency upon the power that moves them, which in an elective government is always public opinion. Where the citizenship lacks reverence for law the nature of its law-enforcing organizations will avail but little, as in the case of some South American republics. They lack the social atmosphere—the public opinion that acts as a motor power. But in Northwest Canada you find a widespread reverence for law that makes its enforcement a natural and necessary thing. It is a well-defined psychic plane—a condition of social psychology which, as stated above, is intangible, but none the less real. Fundamentally, this is a matter of enlightened conscience. How, then, account for this? There are various answers that suggest themselves, such as "Common law," "Custom," "English conservatism," etc. But right here a significant fact in the social life of this country forces itself upon one's attention and demands consideration. Side by side with this widespread reverence for law we find a similar reverence for religion and religious institutions. You see marked evidence of this in the attitude of the people toward the churches and general religious activities.

"I shall never forget," said an American commercial traveler, "the first Sunday I spent in Winnipeg about two years ago. You know how the town was booming. Trains leading into Winnipeg were crowded. Hotels were filled. The stores were congested. New buildings were going up along every street. Real estate was soaring. It was about the busiest and noisiest city of the size that I ever saw. I got up Sunday morning expecting to find something doing, as you usually do in big Western towns. I stepped out upon the street, but instead of that 'holiday' appearance that I expected there was a Sunday quiet that astonished me. The bars were all closed; so were the small shops and news-stands as well as the large stores. There were no newsboys upon the streets selling Sunday papers—in fact, no Sunday papers were published there, although Winnipeg had three large and prosperous dailies. It was the sharpest contrast with the day before that I had seen in any town. I stepped back into the hotel and wrote a couple of letters, then I went out upon the street again, and was surprised to see a procession of people coming along both sides of the street, quite filling the sidewalks. I supposed that it was a Sunday excursion. 'What is this?' I asked the hotel porter, who happened out in front. 'What is what?' said he. 'These people,' said I. 'Where are they going?' 'To church,' said he. 'What is going on in church to-day?' I asked. 'Why, nothing,' said he, 'but church.' So I joined the crowd and went to one of the churches. The auditorium contained about one thousand seats, nearly all of which were filled. The sermon was good, but nothing extraordinary. The people were attentive and reverent. The congregational singing was fine—I never heard better. More than half the audience were men, and a large proportion of them young men. In the afternoon I took a walk along the bank of the river that flows through the city. I noticed large numbers of workingmen out with their families. There was an air of peace and quietness all through the town. It was a day of rest for every one. To tell the truth, that kind of a Sunday looked pretty good to me."

Personal investigation in various Winnipeg churches and in other cities in the different provinces revealed the fact that similar conditions exist. Churches of all denominations, both Protestant and Catholic, are respected and well supported. Sunday as a religious institution is generally observed. The proposition to hold ball-games or horse-races, railway excursions or vaudeville shows, on Sunday would meet with an uproar of opposition, not only from the clergy, but also from business and professional men. As for open bars, they would not for a moment be tolerated. Reverence for religion is sufficiently widespread to create a popular demand for Sunday observance, at least so far as cessation from labor and public sports is concerned. As a matter of fact, this is the only motor influence that can maintain the religious integrity of the day. When this reverence declines and society finds it necessary to resort to policemen's clubs, writs of injunction, and magistrates' warrants to protect Sunday, the time is rapidly nearing when no such effort will any longer be made and the "wide-open Sunday" will be an accomplished fact—the Christian Sunday will be a thing of the past. Up to the present time, however, religious reverence protects its integrity.

Not that this country is a religious paradise; "the world, the flesh, and the devil" are not suffering from anæmia; but religious life is vigorous and its institutions are well sustained.

This brings us to a question that we may well ponder. Is there not some causal connection between this reverence for religious things and reverence for law? What is reverence for law? Is it not the recognition of a certain rightness that is at the heart of it, a recognition and regard sufficiently strong to induce a man to act accordingly? And what is the source of that rightness? Is it not the will of a Divine Being whose nature is wholly just and right? Probably one reason why Robert Burns struck his truest note in his "Cotter's Saturday Night" is because, after drawing that matchless picture of religious reverence in a Scottish home, he points to its ultimate expression in the Scottish national life and character:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

Northwest Canada has her moral problems—heavy ones—problems that are going to increase rather than diminish. The constant and rapid increase of a cosmopolitan immigration that is bringing in alien customs and different moral standards; the increasing prevalence of commercialism that is supplanting higher ideals; the growing tendency toward political bossism, and the consequent lowering of the standard of political ethics and the inevitable increase of political corruption—these and many other things that might be mentioned are bound to put a severe strain upon her institutions during the next twenty-five years; but meanwhile it is a matter of gratification that during her formative years this young and vigorous civilization should be so permeated with reverence for those civil and religious institutions that make for national stability and character.

The Master Builder

"As he is, so are we in this world"

By Lyman Abbott

Fifth Article

He Ministers to Merriment

JOHN the Baptist, disgusted with the corruption which pervaded Palestine as well as the rest of the Roman Empire in the first century, departed not only from society but from the Temple service into which he would naturally have been inducted as the son of a priest, and took up a life of solitude in the wilderness, from which he came only to preach a doctrine of repentance and a change of life. Jesus pursued a very different course. He came, as he said of himself, eating and drinking, he was a friend of publicans and sinners, he lived as a man among men, joining in the social life of his day, and never, so far as we know, declining a single invitation, whether it came from the so-called better classes or from those who were frowned upon for their disregard of the religious and social conventionalities of the time. An incident occurring early in his career strikingly illustrates his method, an antithesis of the method of asceticism.

The wedding festivities of Judaism lasted for days—sometimes for a week or more—and were accompanied with prolonged feasts and much merriment. To such a wedding as this Jesus and his disciples were invited. Somehow it happened that before the festivities were ended the wine was nearly exhausted. His mother, with some premonition of her son's marvelous powers, reported the fact to him, and told the servants to do whatever her son should bid them do. In the porch attached to the house were some great water-jars containing somewhere from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty gallons. Christ bade the servants fill these jars to the brim and then bear the contents to the guests. When the water, made wine, was carried to the governor, and he had tasted it, he was surprised at the quality, and called across the table in a sort of rough jest, How is this? Every one else puts his good wine on the table first, and his poorer wine as soon as his guests have drunk deeply, but you have kept back the good wine until now.

The disciples of Christ have not realized how much Jesus did merely to add to the happiness of mankind. The object of his first miracle was simply to minister to the merriment of a wedding feast. He compared himself to a man playing in the market-place for the people to dance. He spoke of music and dancing habitually with approbation, never with condemnation. His favorite figure to illustrate the kingdom of God was a great feast. Sometimes his works of healing were accompanied by a word of moral instruction; but often they were not; often they simply relieved a burdened invalid of his burden. The note of happiness runs through his definition of his mission in his first reported sermon, in which he declared that he had come to bring good news to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, recovering of sight to the blind, and liberty to the oppressed. The Church has spiritualized this definition, and doubtless it has its spiritual meaning; but its primary note is one of simple gladness. It is true that Christ taught that the secret of happiness is character; that our happiness depends on what we *are*, not on what we possess. Blessed, he told his congregation, are the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers. But to make men happy was as truly his mission as to make them good.

We may not be able to do much to make the world better. But not a day passes that we cannot do something to make the man next to us happier. And this also is to follow Christ; this also is to share in his mission and do his work. There is a current motto, "Be virtuous and you'll be happy." It is almost as true, Be happy and you'll be virtuous. Virtue is easier to the healthy, happy soul than to the soul that is morbid and miserable. "Ye are the light of the world," says Jesus; which means that our presence should enliven and illuminate every circle we enter. Joy is one of the fruits of the Spirit, which means that if the spirit of Christ is in us we shall be joy-bringers and joy-breeders.

It has been said that Jesus wept but never smiled, which is a wild guess. But it is matter of record that he often feasted and only once fasted. To feast, then, is as religious as to fast, provided we so both feast and fast as to add *permanently* to happiness. A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, and that is a medicine we ought to be able to give without either pulpit eloquence or theological knowledge. "There is an idea abroad among moral people," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may." In the same spirit are these words which he suggested for his tomb: "You, who pass this grave, put aside hatred; love kindness; be all services remembered in your heart, and all offenses pardoned; and as you go down again among the living, let this be your question: Can I make some one happier before I lie down to sleep? Thus the dead man speaks to you from the dust; you will hear no more from him."

We cannot be joy-bringers unless we are joy*ful*. Our joy, spilling over from a happy heart, gives joy to others. Happiness is partly temperamental. We speak of a friend as having a happy disposition. But we can be artificers of our own temperament. One simple recipe, faithfully and resolutely followed, will do much to make our own lives, and so the lives of others, happy. Much of our lives is spent, not in the present, but by aid of memory in the past, or by aid of imagination in the future. We can remember pleasant things; we can anticipate pleasant things; and so we can live in past and future joys. It has been well said that the memory of pleasure is pleasure, but the memory of pain is not pain. We can at least prevent it from being pain. Anticipation of pleasant things is hope. Anticipation of unpleasant things is worry. We can encourage hope and discourage worry. And he who has God for his companion can always prove the truth of the saying, In the joy of the Lord is your strength.

HALF A DOZEN NOVELS

Those who read American novels with some care can hardly have failed to notice the half-dozen serious and able stories which have appeared during the last few months. Among these Miss E. B. Dewing's story with the odd title, "A Big Horse to Ride," must be counted one of the most original and promising. It is altogether out of the field of the typical novel of incident and entertainment. The novel of this kind is often delightful reading, but it is told from the outside, so to speak; the writer reports the characters as they speak and act. Miss Dewing tells her story from the inside; the heroine frankly makes full confession of her thoughts, emotions, temptations. She conceals nothing; she lays everything bare. Told in the usual way, no one would question the morality of "A Big Horse to Ride," because virtue, sorely tried in a girl whose background has never protected her, triumphs, and Duty, the big horse, is finally bitted, saddled, and ridden; told from the inside, with all the moral processes laid bare, it will shock and disturb some readers. It is, however, an essentially moral story, though many of the people with whom it deals are as free from moral convictions as the other ladies and gentlemen who pay society the respect of going through the form of marriage and the bother of divorce, although their motives are precisely the same as those of the class who follow their inclinations without reference to the moral prejudices of the unemancipated. The rider of the big horse does not learn to ride him in a day; she is a professional dancer of wonderful power of interpretation; she is not a sensual, nor even a sensuous dancer; she is, rather, an artistic and poetic dancer whose brains are in her feet as well as in her head. She is born in bohemia, of emancipated parents, and the conditions of her professional life make for interest rather than for edification; she remains, nevertheless, and in spite of perilous passages, a good woman, and the story of her career and of the training she gets from it, although told in too much detail in parts, is genuinely interesting. Miss Dewing has not only ability but individuality, and this unusual story shows a distinct advance over her promising but very unpleasant first story, "Other People's Houses." (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

The effect of contrast is striking when one turns from Miss Dewing's unconventional novel to Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull's "The Royal Pawn of Venice," a story with a basis of fact, but told in the romantic spirit. It would not be easy to touch Venice with the irreverent hand of realism; he who emphasized the shabbiness and evil odor of the ancient mistress of the Adriatic would be driven out of court by an outraged æsthetic and historic spirit. Even that conscientious but gentle recorder of the fact, Mr. Howells, has not laid a rash finger on a city in which it is impossible to keep the imagination from playing freely on the actual. Of any profanation of Venice Mrs. Turnbull is incapable by reason of her deeply sympathetic knowledge of its great history and her sensitive response to its appeal to the love of beauty and to the romantic temper. "The Royal Pawn of Venice" is the story, strange, pathetic, and true, of Caterina Cornaro, who was made Queen of Cyprus by the subtle policy of the astute rulers of Venice, and whose happiness was a mere counter in the game of statecraft. The betrothal and marriage of the young girl are described by Mrs. Turnbull with a splendor and freshness of feeling rare in reviving faded pageants; while the exciting and tragic events of her later life are told with passionate sympathy. In this story, as in its predecessor, "The Golden Book of Venice," the dead past lives again in the imagination of a sensitive and cultivated woman. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.)

Novels which describe English country life, if they are well written, are always interesting and restful to American readers. The atmosphere of old homes, of great parks, of out-of-door life in many forms, is grateful in a country in which intensity of life is more common than ripeness of life, and energy and ambition are more widely celebrated than repose and the confident expectation of ease and quietness. "The Eldest Son" is one of these pleasant tales, dramatically disturbed by a charming American woman, with whom the heir of an ancient estate falls irretrievably in love after the good old English fashion. The story, like its predecessor, "Exton Manor," by Archibald Marshall, is told quietly and effectively. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.)

In an entirely different vein is Mr. Francis Lynde's novel of adventure and crime, "The Price;" the story of a young and sorely burdened Socialist, who takes a great sum from a bank president at the muzzle of his pistol but without any consciousness of crime, to discover later that the law against theft is not a mere convention, and that to do a criminal deed is to become a criminal. This novel has the interest of a detective story, a love story, and a story of ethical significance. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.30.)

There are things to dislike about Mr. W. Maxwell's novel "Mrs. Thompson," and in at least one episode the book goes beyond the limit of good taste. But there are also in the book two things of positive interest; one is the inside picture of the workings of a large English shop, the other is the careful study of the woman who owns and runs it until she is deluded into marriage with a wretched money-hunting scamp, many years her junior. Apparently ruined in business and broken in health, this sturdy and resourceful woman finally throws over her incubus, shows herself immeasurably the superior of her husband and her business rivals, and in the end "Mrs. Thompson's" is again established on a firm basis. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.)

Mr. Warwick Deeping's "The Lame Englishman" is a historical tale well worth reading, not so much as a novel as for its quite unusually vivid pictures of the stress and passion in Rome when Garibaldi and Mazzini were fighting foreign foes and dreaming of a united Italy. The "lame Englishman," partly from his love of liberty and partly from his secret love for a noble Italian woman who is married to a most despicable coward and traitor, fights with the "red shirts" despite his lameness, and the story of the suffering and heroism of the revolution is seen by the reader through the Englishman's eyes. The novel ends tragically, and, although it has sound and clever stúdy of character, it is not always agreeable. (Cassell & Co., New York. $1.20.)

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